

A glimpse at the United States and the northern states of America, with the Canadas, comprising their rivers, lakes, and falls during the autumn of 1852; including some accounts of an emigrant ship. By Edmund Patten, esq. With illustrations, sketched and zincographed by the author.

THE HORSE-SHOE FALLS, NIAGARA

A GLIMPSE AT THE UNITED STATES AND THE NORTHERN STATES OF AMERICA, WITH THE CANADAS, COMPRISING THEIR RIVERS, LAKES, AND FALLS DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1852; INCLUDING SOME ACCOUNT OF AN EMIGRANT SHIP.

BY EDMUND PATTEN, ESQ.

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With Illustrations, SKETCHED AND ZINCOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

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“‘Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print: “A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't.” BYRON

The Reader will not, I trust, conclude from my having adopted the above motto, that I am either so weak as to have no object in offering this little volume to the world, beyond the gratification of my own vanity, or altogether so dishonest as to seek the patronage of the public to a work, which, with knowledge afore-thought, I am sensible has “nothing in it” that can arrest the attention or engage the understanding. My design, on the contrary, is to show that I am not ignorant of the risk which writers unknown to fame always incur, of having the double charge of vanity and inefficiency brought against them by a criticising public.

In perusing the incidents related, and the scenes described, as they came under observation during my visit to the New World, it will not be difficult for the discerning critic to recognise less of the character of the A 2 iv bookmaker and more of the ebullition of the painter—the enthusiastic admirer of all that is glorious in the works of nature—than he has been accustomed to meet with in books of this description. My desire is to give a “plain unvarnished tale,” speaking at all times with honest truth, so that, when the winter shall succeed to the summer and autumn of life,—

“When my burnish'd locks are grey, Thinned by many a toil-spent day,”

the re-perusal of these pages may be accomplished with the same honest satisfaction, the same purity of feeling, as originally suggested their publication; and, when it is admitted that the following “*glimpse*,” with the illustrations, were primarily intended for the eye of friendship, only, it may not be considered too much, in bespeaking for them the favour of the general reader, to express a hope that the critic may be induced to spare his lash.

EDMUND PATTEN.

London, January , 1853.

A GLIMPSE AT THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, &c.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Portsmouth by the American Liner, Prince Albert.—Emigrants on Board.—Off Banks of Newfoundland after contrary Winds.—Pleasures and Discomforts on Board Ship.—Contemplations at Sea.—Doings on Board an Emigrant Ship amongst the Passengers, and Description of them.—Character of the Ship and her Crew.—French and German Revolutionary Passengers on Board.—Rules, Regulations, and Funds for Emigrants.—Contrary Winds and Prolonged Voyage—Gulf Stream and Icebergs.—Dangers of Collision.—Provisions becoming scarce.—Quarrels amongst the Germans.—Sketches.—Music.—No Tobacco nor Snuff left.—Thieves in the Ship.—Two Births—the Mate turned Doctor.—Approaching Land.—The Pilot.—Tug Boat engaged.—Description of Entrance into New York.—Pier-Landing on Terra Firma.—Emigrant Ships, beware of them.—Character of the Captain and Steward.

On Tuesday, the 22nd June, 1852, that well-known personage “Boots,” of the Quebec Hotel, Portsmouth, gave a loud rap at door No. 5, to announce to me the arrival at Spithead of the American Liner, “Prince Albert,” 1500 tons register.

One of these noble ships leaves the port of London weekly; they are fitted up to carry several hundred emigrants, who are glad to leave Europe, in the hope of improving their condition in the New World, which offers a fair prospect to clever mechanics, agriculturists and others able to work, who have seldom had cause to repent bidding farewell to “Fatherland,” especially those having large families to settle in life. By these means, advantages, reciprocal to both countries, are obtained, inasmuch as the present over-populated state of Europe reduces the price of labour below a just remunerative

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scale; emigration to a splendid new country like America, with its great variety of climate, magnificent rivers, lakes and canals, gradually mitigates the evils at home, whilst it supplies the wants of a country which, under whatever form of government, may be fairly designated the “land of promise.”

On the “Prince Albert” I found a motley group, indeed!—what Cobbett, the immortal, would call “the great unwashed;” from the forecandle to the poop great was the variety of the human form divine, in number upwards of three hundred and fifty; all of us well prepared to entrust our fates to the mighty deep, and to cross the once dreaded waste of waters, the Atlantic, that mighty waste, which only three hundred years since was considered beyond the pale of humanity, when the great Columbus, like the magician of old, showed to wondering Europe a new world, in extent almost too marvellous to contemplate!

Westerly winds generally prevail in the Atlantic 7 during three-fourths of the year, and it was not until the middle of July that we found ourselves on the banks of Newfoundland, enveloped in fog and mist, the thermometer standing at 50°, which made us glad to take to our great coats, and we are informed that some four weeks may still elapse ere we can expect to reach our destination.

The pleasures or discomforts of a sea voyage vary much, according to the weather, the sort of society on board, and the character of the ship and her officers; still, if there be nothing to complain of on these essential points, the monotony and *ennui* that frequently overcome a landsman, are, *per se*, sufficiently distressing. However, there is much to compensate for all this: for example, when sailing with a favourable wind and genial weather, to be on deck watching each object around you, the noble ship ploughing its way, gracefully as the swan, with wings expanded, like, indeed, “a thing of life;” then, again, on a clear moonlight night, dashing through the sparkling brine, vomiting forth phosphoric brilliants, when

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“The silver moon unclouded Holds her way through skies Where, methinks, I could count
Each little star.”

What feeling can be more benign than the contemplation of innumerable stars and planets;
the 8 gorgeous tints from the rising or setting sun, when there is nothing to divert the mind
from the enjoyment?

Then is the huge machine on which we are standing, thrown into one great mass of
shadow, rushing along, obeying man, as if by instinct, crossing unfathomable depths,
forming, as it were, a connecting link between distant hemispheres, bringing man into
communion with his fellow man, in whatever extremity of the earth he may be located;
equally the Esquimaux of the colder regions, with the sun-burnt sons of the Pacific Ocean:
how glorious is the reflection when so vividly brought before us!

Then, again, whilst gazing on the vast expanse now before you, (land not seen for many
weeks), how , pleasing to have your attention drawn to what the experienced mariner well
knows to be the land, but which your unpractised eye, even with the aid of the telescope,
can discover to be nothing more than an undefined speck in the horizon. Then—

How you strain the tired eyeball, that fain would explore, To catch but a glimpse of the far
distant shore.”

Soon the appearance of the pilot confirms the prediction of the mariner; the vessel is
guided into port: you hear the loud rattle of the cable, the splash of the anchor, and your
voyage is 9 accomplished! These reflections are most pleasing and exhilarating to the
senses, and, in connection with them, I cannot resist transcribing the following passage
from the pen of a great writer now no more:—

“The vessel itself is a noble spectacle. Sensible to the slightest movement of the helm,
like a hippogriff or winged courser, it obeys the hand of the pilot as a horse the hand of
its rider. The elegance of the masts and the cordage; the agility of the sailors, who leap

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nimbly up the rigging; the different aspects in which the vessel presents itself, whether beating up against a contrary wind or flying straight before a favouring breeze, render this wonderful machine one of the marvels of human genius. Sometimes the foaming billow dashes from her side; sometimes the peaceful wave divides, without resistance, before her prow. The flags, the pendants, and the sails complete the beauty of this palace of Neptune. The lower sails, unfurled to their full extent, swell out like vast cylinders. The topsails, reefed in their centre, resemble the bosom of a syren. Urged on by an impetuous breeze, the ship, with its keel, as with a ploughshare, tills, with a roaring sound, the ocean plains.

“On the ocean path, along which is seen neither trees, nor villages, nor towns, nor towers, nor steeples, nor tombs along this highway, without 10 columns, without milestones; which is bounded only by the waves, whose relays are the winds, whose torches are the stars—the most exciting adventure, when a traveller is not in quest of unknown lands and seas, is the meeting of two vessels. They perceive each other on the horizon, with a telescope, and shape their course so as to meet. The sailors and passengers hurry upon deck. The two vessels approach each other, hoist their flag, half furl their sails, and back them to the mast. When all is silence, the two captains, placed upon the poop, hail each other with a speaking trumpet. ‘What ship?’ ‘From what port?’ ‘The captain's name?’ ‘Bound from what place?’ ‘How many days are you out?’ ‘The latitude and longitude?’ ‘Good bye!’ The reefs are shaken out, the sails fall; the sailors and passengers of the two vessels gaze at each other's retreating forms in silence. The one is about to seek the sun of Asia; the other the sun of Europe, which will see them both sink to their long rest. Time hurries on, and separates the travellers on the land, more promptly even than the wind sweeps them on, and separates them on the ocean. A distant signal is made; ‘Good bye!’ is shouted—the common haven is eternity.

“The sailor knows not where death will surprise him—on what shore he shall leave his 11 bones. Perhaps, when he mingles his last sigh with the breeze of ocean, it will be when launched on the bosom of the deep, supported on two oars in order thus to continue his

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voyage. Perhaps he will be interred on some desert island, which will never again be revisited, as he has slept in his lonely hammock in the midst of the ocean.”

The internal economy of an emigrant ship may not be altogether void of interest to those “who live at home at ease;” what, therefore, came under my immediate observation, during a period of nearly seven weeks I shall briefly describe; being my first voyage, it had novelty in it, but a recurrence of such a position will never, I hope, be my destiny. The public have too often had the melancholy picture of the miscry on board emigrant ships laid before them; of shipwreck, of death, and other dismal scenes; on this occasion, however, I have, happily, no such sad tales to relate; my narrative may, probably, border more on the sportive than the melancholy. We had Germans; red-hot French republicans; some Dutch and Swiss; many Irish, with a few English and Scotch. The ship's crew was composed of English, Americans, and blacks. These, mingled with our stock of pigs and poultry, dogs, kittens, sheep and canaries, might be said to form a kind of 12 Noah's ark in miniature. The canine portion of our party, however, added more to our inconvenience than our comforts, increasing, as they did, our live stock with large quantities of *a diminutive race*, which I do not recollect to have seen represented in the party that joined Noah at the period of the Flood. Practical jokes, too, in which sailors will indulge when under no strict discipline, by which, to say nothing of the mischief occasioned to your clothes, the freeborn was, by the wanton application of pitch and tar, not easily distinguished from the African. These, and similar nuisances, were of too frequent commission on board “Prince Albert.”

When the weather is moderate this motley group becomes scattered over the ship; some washing themselves, others mending or making their garments, some earnest in talk; then the cooking, and the preparation for it, forms a constant occupation. Occasionally a grand struggle takes place at the cook-house, a misunderstanding, perhaps, about “Whose turn next?” when some old Mynheer having displaced a fair one, just finishing a beautiful fry, for the honour of the sex, in steps a Don Quixote to avenge the indignity; then the combatants multiply, when a general row ensues, and the only mode to settle the matter

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is to order sundry buckets of water 13 on the fires, when the innocent and the guilty are content to eat cold victuals.

It is to be hoped, however, that these inconveniences will be avoided for the future, under the operation of the recent order of the Queen in council, which, properly carried out, will prevent a recurrence of scenes so discreditable.

The vessel itself is well constructed; she was built, like many others of her class, in New York, though coppered, partly rigged, and a portion of her canvass, &c., supplied in London. All this employs British capital and labour, independent of the benefit arising to commerce by reciprocity and free trade. These liners are generally laden with iron-rail, and various kinds of manufactured goods, returning to us, flour, bread-stuffs, &c., rendering undeniable advantages to both countries, under the present liberal system, which works well. The practice, however, which is generally adopted on board these vessels, of selecting the officers and crew indiscriminately from Englishmen and Americans, is not congenial to the feelings of the men of either nation, the party most benefited being the owners. The English sailors are preferred, and command higher wages, from their superior practical knowledge; and, although they have frequently much to bear with, when serving under a foreign flag, they can scarcely be expected to resist the temptation, when, as in the time of 14 peace, employment is difficult to be met with under their own.

The French party on board is formed principally of men who figured in Paris during the late revolution. The present French government has wisely furnished funds in London, to all refugees, who are willing to proceed to the United States, thinking them less dangerous at a distance; and a great many, after wandering about destitute, and without hope of occupation, eventually emigrate to America: they appear a visionary set of enthusiasts, and never likely to sober down to rational habits of life. Their chat, however, is amusing, and they exhibit, with peculiar satisfaction, the scars received in the struggles for "Liberté, fraternité, égalité."

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Their revolutionary engagements have, indeed, placed them in a sad condition; and, after all the endurements of a long sea voyage, they have still to struggle on a large, widely extended continent, unknown and friendless. On landing, they each receive ten dollars, and, with the natural buoyancy of their character, they talk of celebrating the occasion with a grand banquet. Many of the emigrants who proceed to America have relations, who, having prospered in their undertakings, send for their wives and children, but the great majority go out on mere speculation: so many thousands and tens of thousands pouring annually into New 15 York, would be attended with much misery and distress, did not the sagacity of the United States' government provide an excellent remedy for the evil, by requiring every emigrant ship to contribute at least one dollar for each steerage passenger; this forms a sufficient fund for defraying the expenses of an establishment, where all the poor, friendless emigrants find an excellent temporary home, on leaving their ship, and from this institution all applicants are supplied with labourers.

It is now the 25th of July, and, although within four days, sail of New York, (about eight hundred miles), owing to the prevalence of the usual contrary winds, little progress is made in our voyage, and it may be four months ere we reach our destination,—such is the uncertainty of sea voyages by sailing ships. We are likewise experiencing the effects of the gulf stream, which, taking a north-easterly direction, in the absence of strong winds, retards our progress; this remarkably strong current, coming from the southern and warmer climates, meets the cooler waters of the north, and, occasionally, floating icebergs; these gradually dissolve, otherwise the navigation would be rendered impracticable: as it is, in the most northern latitude, the danger is considerable; and, although the immediate neighbourhood of the iceberg is indicated by a great change in the 16 atmosphere, from heat to cold, yet collisions are not unfrequent.

To increase the discomfiture of a protracted voyage, provisions were reported to be getting scarce, and the supply of animal food was confined to the chief cabin: flour, rice, biscuit, tea and sugar were, however, still distributed to the majority of passengers. Before we take

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to boiling down our shoes, we have still to cut the throat of our solitary pig; and, should providence still doom us to the mercy of a prolonged sojourn on the billows, we have still the pet old cow, not to mention the dogs and cats before enumerated as part of our Noah's ark.

To relieve *ennui*, some of the most wild and dirty-looking Germans take to quarrelling amongst themselves, and it appears wonderful that some of them do not tumble overboard in the confusion. The only accident, however, worthy of notice was the sudden immersion of a child in the pea-soup boiler; but, being fortunately rescued by the cook before its body had become invisible, no mischief occurred beyond a scalded leg, of which the attentions of the mother soon effected a cure. As the people lay about the ship, they invite the pencil to impart some of its reminiscences on paper; the uneasy roll of the ship, however, makes it difficult to get a sufficiently steady group for the artist. Another source of recreation is music. The mate takes the accordion, the steward the flute, a German plays the trombone, the writer the fiddle; but, as the instruments are played apart, and not in concert, no alarm is occasioned to the monsters of the deep. Touches of English songs—" *The deep, deep Sea* ," " *Cherry Ripe* ," " *Believe me if all those endearing young charms* ," &c. occasionally break on the ear, but the efforts of the Germans, naturally very musical, are rendered ineffectual from the effects of low diet, which has made abortive all attempts at romance or poetical effusion: their hollow, pale and haggard cheeks bespeak the reality. All will, however, on seeing land, rouse their worn-out faculties, hail the blessed earth, and, like great Columbus, bend the knee, and embrace mother dust.

Friday morning, 30th July, lat. 41° 15#, long. 61° 40#.—We are still on the deep, deep sea; for some days we have been creeping along in almost smooth water, and sometimes becalmed. The sea has changed its colour to a greenish tint; signs of soundings are proclaimed on the great American Continent, and any little piece of sea weed, or of wood floating past, buoys up our spirits. Some of my *companions du voyage* look the picture of despair—all their private stock of superfluities is exhausted; the very tobacco all gone, and to get half a pipe-full out of some B 18 more fortunate comrade, is quite a diplomatic

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affair; the last pinch of snuff is a mere reminiscence of past times: but, what is really alarming, we find the stock of coals is out, and the cutting up old spars and masts for firewood, becomes a matter of calculation and much anxiety. Fortunately, water is served out, and our condition might still be worse: the want of water is the calamity most of all to be dreaded.

All these circumstances bring with them their appropriate lessons;—never trust to a sailing ship outward, particularly an emigrant ship. Across the Atlantic the winds prevail, during nine months out of the year, from the west, and, when travelling for amusement or health, it is not necessary to submit to be huddled together with hundreds of your fellow mortals, who, to say the best for the majority of them, are from a very low cast of society, even if they have a claim to common honesty. In the present instance, indeed, we had, unfortunately, undisputable evidence to the contrary, advantage having been frequently taken of the sick, the prostrate, or care-worn voyager, to plunder him from beneath his very pillow. The shark, who, following merely his natural and animal instinct, pursues the vessel in the hope of satisfying the cravings of nature, is a noble creature compared with the wretch, who, taking advantage of the paralysed energies of his fellow 19 man, secretly robs him of that, which, being gone, leaves him “poor indeed.” Human depravity is not, unhappily, confined to one particular part of the globe; it is met with alike in prisons and palaces, in the crowded streets of a metropolis, as well as on a frail bark like this, when a single plank giving way, launches all into eternity.

Amongst all our disasters, as I have said, we have not to record the loss of one life on board: on the contrary, we have added two immortal souls to our number, our mate acting in this, and on every needful occasion, as doctor, in which capacity, great credit is due to him, and much good fortune has attended his practice, as compared with the last voyage out, during which, although carrying a regular surgeon, five persons were committed to the deep.

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We have, at length, the important and truly welcome intelligence, that the pilot is about to board us, distance two hundred and forty miles from New York. During the summer months, the pilot-boats, some of them built on the model of the “America,” yacht, venture out as far as four hundred miles, knowing the track of the European ships, and each rival company vies with the other in manifesting their activity to be first on board. The pilot gives us the intelligence of Henry Clay's death, the great American Congress man. We English must now consider B 2 20 Kings and Queens as titles only; we have now to deal with plain names; we have approached, so we are told, a land of independence, equality, and perfect freedom.

The ship's people, on the pilot coming on deck, could have hugged him with delight; he was a fine jolly-looking old sailor: the event roused our party into life, and the “great unwashed,” having now scrubbed and washed themselves, and put on their holiday clothes, were so greatly metamorphosed, that many of them could scarcely be recognised.

Two more days at length brought us in sight of our long looked-for haven. On Sunday, the 1st of August, a large steam-tug bore down upon us, when, after an amusing scene between the Yankee and our Dutch captain, a bargain was struck; and one hundred and ten dollars agreed to be given to tow us into port. This service was well performed, and, in the afternoon, our heavy ship was safely placed alongside the wharf.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt any addition to the many descriptions already given of the appearance of this magnificent Continent, as you approach New York. The day was calm and bright, the various boats and ships reflected in the pale green sea, their sails white as snow—the landscape all seemed to harmonise with our gladsome feelings, and the troubles of the 21 past were buried in the happy present. We gradually closed in with the land, the beautiful island of Staten, covered with villas, gardens, and shrubberies, with hill and dale, was most refreshing to our sight, after so much sea and sky; the scene was much enlivened by innumerable steamers and sailing vessels, freighted with masses

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of human beings, inhaling the health-breathing breezes, and enjoying the beauties of creation, glad to escape from the heated atmosphere of a large city.

It was, indeed, with a light heart that, ere the sun had dipped into the regions of the far West, I, for the first time, trod the earth of the young giant. All was bustle, animation, and excitement; those on shore hurried on board ship, some from curiosity, others to offer their services to strangers. The only individual to whom I could look for welcome was a nephew, and he, not knowing of my arrival, was not present to greet me. I had no regrets on leaving the "Prince Albert." She had, indeed, performed her part well, bringing me, in face of winds and waves, safely over four thousand miles of ocean. But I once more caution the reader to beware of emigrant ships; the officers and sailors of such vessels get hardened and callous to all classes, particularly the poor and unfriended, who go by them, and have no more sympathy for them, than the very animals they kill and eat. Our ship may have been a bad specimen of such vessels; but report speaks unfavourably of these London and Liverpool liners. Our coloured steward, whose ugly face I beheld for forty-five days, consecutively, was a perfect brute; and I regretted that I could not place him on the treadmill for a week, if it were only to punish him for his tyranny to those below him, and to the poor white-woman-stewardess. Our Dutch Captain I could not well understand; he appeared to favour the Germans more than the English. I was often tempted to ask him if his father or any of his relations had been in the battle of Camperdown, when Admiral Duncan gave the Hollanders a licking? for he had a bad feeling towards us, and annoyed us much whilst under his command.

I hope I shall not be considered too tedious if on taking leave of this subject I most earnestly recommend all persons to select ships in which the characters of the captain and officers are well established; it is too important a matter to leave to chance. I was well punished for neglecting this necessary duty, for which, being an old road and sea-traveller myself, I can only plead guilty to the very proper verdict passed upon me under the operation of the law of "sarve him right."

Having now brought the reader to the end of the first chapter, and endeavoured to convey a correct impression of my voyage across the

NEW YORK. THE BAY AND BATTERY.

23 Atlantic, I cannot do better, on gaining *terra firma*, than devote the next chapter to New York and its lions, premising that it is not my object or intention to enter into petty details, or to fatigue the reader with extracts from, or opinions of, writers he may have already perused; my wishes being confined, as before stated, to the desire of uniting the character of a plain straightforward journalist, with any limited powers I may possess of artistic representation, having been from my youth an ardent worshipper of God's omnipotence, and an humble delineator of his great and glorious works.

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CHAPTER II.

New York City.—Broadway.—Emigrants.—Immense increase of Population.—Trade and Shipping.—Bay and Roadstead.—Staten Island and Ferry Boats.—Forts Fazette and Hamilton.—Brooklyn.—Greenwood Rural Cemetery.—Character of the Irish.—Mechanics and Labourers.—Impressions on Landing.—Astor, Irvine Hamilton, and Washington Hotels.—American Ladies.—White and Black Servants.—Boarding Houses.—Washington Markets.—Prohibiting Sale of Wine and Spirits.—Paper Money and Currency.—Circulation.—Silver Coin.—Go-a-head Character.—Boats and Steamers.—Education of the People.—Public Institutions.—Stores and Tariff.—Iron, Lead, Coal, &c.—Labour scanty.—Increasing Population and Wealth.—Great Ambition of the Yankees.—Canada, West Indies, and Cuba.—Slavery and its Abolition.—Influence of the Valley of the Mississippi.—Mexican War.—Medley Character of the Troops.—Departure to the Lakes, &c.

Most travellers will concur in opinion that the far-famed city of New York, for noise and bustle, surpasses all other cities in the civilised world, not even excluding the great

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metropolis of England. The well-known Broadway sweeps through the entire town, five miles in length, and in it appears to be concentrated everything connected with public as well as with private life. Enormous hotels, large stores and public buildings, are scattered in all directions without any regard to uniformity. A constant running is kept up by about six hundred omnibuses all day long, and a weary 25 stranger, just escaped from the perils of the deep and requiring repose, may look for it in vain. The heat, too, was insufferable, but by keeping the windows and Venetian blinds closed during the day, a comparatively cool atmosphere was obtained.

During the summer, about fifty thousand emigrants per month land in the city; such, however, is the increased and still increasing demand for labour, that these are soon dispersed over various parts of this vast continent to assist in developing the resources of the country they have chosen. The effect produced on the advance of agriculture, and the rapid progress made in the increase of population, is beyond all precedent. At the commencement of the present century, the inhabitants of New York, and its adjacent cities, Jersey and Brooklyn, did not exceed in number fifty-three thousand; they now amount to at least seven hundred and fifty thousand. The city of New York, itself, is built on the island after which it was named; the approach to it, however, is not so striking as an admirer of natural beauty might be led to hope for: it is formed by the north and the east rivers and a creek or inlet connecting them. The island is fourteen miles long, and, on an average, a mile in breadth; at its southern point stands the city, which extends from one river to the other.

The principal trade is on the east side, where 26 the American liners, and other large ships, receive and discharge their cargoes, being more secure during the winter from the ice which floats past from the north river. The depth of water enables the largest ships to lay alongside the wharfs or jetties that encompass the entire shore, where they remain in perfect security for loading and discharging their cargoes; whilst the bay and harbour form a magnificent and commodious roadstead for the ships of all nations.

There are many spots within easy reach of the city that might be selected as desirable for a permanent residence. Among those may be mentioned Staten Island, about ten miles from the metropolis, a lovely spot covered with vegetation, and studded with villas embracing every variety of architecture. The merchants of the river palaces are glad to escape to this charming retreat in the summer months, which possesses the double advantage of low rents and salubrity of climate. The ferry-boat fares across to the island are only six cents each person.

In a military point of view, also, the island is important, commanding, as it does, the approaches to New York. Facing Fort Fazette, near Fort Hamilton, another very strong fort is now being erected. This spot, called the Narrows, which is not much more than two thousand feet wide, will render the bay and shipping perfectly secure against any enemy, however formidable.

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Brooklyn, on the opposite shore, but much nearer to the city, on the extremity of Long Island, is still more convenient as a place of resort, and the ferry boats cross over every five minutes, at the charge of only one cent each passenger. This neighbourhood abounds with pleasant and picturesque drives, the most admired of which is Hamilton Point, and the rural cemetery. Greenwood, commands a charming view of the entrance to the city, as well as of the Atlantic ocean.

As regards the character of the population, the Irish, who form no inconsiderable portion of it, evince a spirit anything but friendly towards the English, who, in case of emergency, would, probably, find more genuine spirit in the native Yankee. They are usually employed as domestic servants, labourers, porters, and on work connected with shipping; it is rarely that an American is found in the performance of these offices.

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Indifferent mechanics or second-rate workmen, must not expect to find America a good field for their labours; but first-rate talents, in the various departments, meet with every encouragement and command success.

On first arriving in the American metropolis, after a voyage of four thousand miles, less violence is committed on our ideas and associations, than we feel after a short two hours' run across the Straits of Dover to France, where a total change is presented in the language, manners, and character of the people, and in every thing around you. This naturally has a great influence on the English traveller in America, who is constantly reminded that he is sojourning among the same people, originally of the same land as himself; the language, however, is the great connecting link between the two countries.

Things in America are done on a large scale, somewhat in keeping with the magnitude of the soil.

At many of these monster houses of public accommodation, the "Great Astor," and the "Irvine," for example, so many as from five hundred to one thousand persons are dined and slept. The establishment at Fort Hamilton is one of this description, and, having the advantage of charming scenery and sea-bathing in the vicinity, renders it a place of great attraction. American ladies, with their children, find this a place of pleasant and convenient resort, but no intercourse takes place, excepting by previous introduction. You may offer to make yourself useful to a lady at the piano, but your services are repulsed by her immediate retirement. Where so many are brought indiscriminately together, it is doubtless as well to err on the side of prudence, but this line of conduct may be carried beyond the verge of necessity or good manners.

The Washington Hotel, formerly the residence of General Howe, and, after the Independence, the head quarters of General Washington, is, in point of situation, the most agreeable and convenient in the city, being close to the battery and promenade, and within a few minutes' walk of the several steam-boat and ferry stations.

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The internal economy and general management of the hotels vary little throughout the country; the charges are two dollars per day, exclusive of wine, but including attendance of every description, which, however, is none of the best; the servants of the house being principally composed of Irishmen and women and blacks, who know little or nothing of their business. The tables are always liberally supplied, but little wine is drank. The male portion of the company generally adjourn to the tap, where sherry-cobbler, mint-julep, &c., are freely indulged in, to the great prejudice and inconvenience of ordinary stomachs, like mine, bred in the school and habituated to the *régime* of the great Abernethy.

The boarding-houses in America are, also, on a large and uncomfortable scale, and are conducted on a system even less sociable and agreeable to English tastes, habits, and feelings, than their hotels.

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New York receives its supply of fresh water by means of an aqueduct called the Croton; this work reflects much credit on the enterprise and public spirit of the people; it is twelve miles in length, and was erected at a cost of twelve millions of dollars. The mode in which the people are rated for their supply of water is as follows: houses of three stories high, pay fifteen dollars, two stories, ten dollars, and so in proportion.

Three millions of dollars per annum are raised in New York to provide for its municipal disbursements, including the police, or ninety-six cents per hundred dollars, assessed on each person, according to their incomes.

The markets, particularly the Washington market, are well supplied with all articles of consumption; the fruit is most inviting: water-melons, musk-melons, bananas, peaches and apples in abundance; and the vegetables, very superior, such as Indian corn, tomatoes, egg-plant, and quasha. A large building is about to be erected on the market-ground, in lieu of the low sheds, which, in hot weather, are unbearable; it is surprising this has been so long neglected, as, in most things, there is no lack of public enterprise.

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Much public discussion has been created by the State of Maine and the two adjoining states, prohibiting the sale of wine and spirits publicly. These acts seem so contrary to the boasted freedom³¹ of republicans, that we Europeans are not prepared to hear of such arbitrary measures, which, in Europe, would not be tolerated. At Newport, some informers got ill-used, for giving information of a sale of wine. These laws are passed to check intoxication in these states. Generally, the Americans are a sober people. Each state enacts its own local laws, issues its own paper money and currency: this, however, frequently gives rise to much inconvenience, and is often opposed to the general feelings and views of the community. The paper money in general circulation, varies from one dollar and upwards, and, being thus issued by every State in the Union, causes much perplexity, some of the paper being at a discount, and some scarcely distributable; a stranger, therefore, generally suffers through his ignorance of the system, and is at the mercy of the dealer. There is no small silver in the States, scarcely; -it is always difficult even to get a dollar changed; gold, however, is more in circulation, varying in value from one dollar to forty, and a very handsome coin.

Notwithstanding the apparent simplicity of the American money, one cent and upwards, which, in theory, sounds so well, money transactions, are less complex even with our English money, denominated pounds, shillings, pence and farthings. French, Spanish, Mexican Peruvian,³² and American silver is so intermixed in the circulation, and, when worn, is so undefinable, that the confusion and loss in the exchange is a great evil.

What has been generally remarked of the Americans is most just: they are truly an energetic, go-a-head people, restless in the extreme, and their ambition knows no bounds. Though slaves to the dollar, they do not neglect their pleasures: their ships are first-rate, their yachts beautiful, perfect models; and, as for the floating palaces, the steam-boats, which ply along the sea-coast or on the lakes and rivers, they are, indeed, splendid, and they may well be proud of them; they have such abundance of space to run about, the

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water so smooth, and the fare so low, that thousands upon thousands of people are, all day long, moving about either for business or pleasure.

The United States' Government have seen the great importance of a national education, and the people have so much immediate self-independence, that every man has a vote.

Public schools, particularly in New York, are open gratis to the poorer classes, and even clothing found for children to appear decent, so that every member of the union is placed in the position to be trained to the proper exercise of his right as citizen.

33

New York can boast of several noble institutions for the advantage of the humbler classes, of which stand prominent—"Free Academy of the City of New York," "Library of the New York Historical Society," "The Apprentice's Library," and the "Mercantile Library."

The stores of New York are very extensive, and have a very large assortment of every description of goods, both European and American, of which the former predominate. It will be long before the Americans can be independent of Europe for manufactured goods, particularly the better kinds, and the imports are very considerable; notwithstanding the duties and transit expenses amount to upwards of 50 per cent., the trade increases annually. The bowels of the earth are rich in iron ore, coal, lead, and other metals, but, as yet, worked, only, to a trifling amount; labour is dear, and the population is still scanty for all the purposes required.

Much has been done,—and it is wonderful to contemplate the rapid strides that have been made—but still greater things are in embryo. In the endeavour to work too much at once, many failures have taken place; but the United States is destined to be a nation of a hundred millions of people, and immense the wealth that must accrue to individuals. It is to be hoped the varied interests of the different states will be ultimately C 34 united,

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and fashioned into one great Empire, an interesting thing for Europe to witness: so vast a continent of free men must exercise a beneficial influence upon the world at large.

To time we must leave the development of great works, but even the Americans must not look for the accomplishment of too much; they would desire the whole north and south to be perfectly independent of European sway, and to become free states. Canada and the West India islands, they *calculaie* , as a certainty, will be wrested from Great Britain. With regard to Cuba, they have already given clear indication of their ambition,—nothing but the mighty influence exercised by Great Britain will keep these bold republicans in proper subjection; they want only the power and pretext to plant their eagle and stars upon the citadel of Quebec and other strongholds. During the late troubles in Canada, there were proofs enough that nothing but the strong arm of Great Britain kept that country from being annexed to the thirty-two stars of the union. When speaking of Canada hereafter, recurrence will be had to this subject.

Time, again, must, with the assistance of divine Providence, gradually work out the abolition of Slavery in the United States: it is a national disgrace—it is like a dread ulcer, eating and destroying the otherwise healthy frame. Slavery, however, 35 is not a subject which the Americans can, at present, endure to debate. The great wealth of the country is produced by slave labour, and three-fourths of the exports, principally from the southern states, such as cotton, tobacco, rice, &c , arise from that source alone. At present the northern states have an interest opposed to the south: the former, to protect their manufactures, ask for a still increased tariff; the south want free trade, so that their produce may find unrestricted circulation. Such is the discord “looming in the future.”

There is, however, another, a third influence; it is working its way slowly, but surely, viz. *the far west*. The valley of the Mississippi now contains thirteen millions of white and free men; should they join the north, an event by no means improbable, slavery would be abolished; but so long as man has this all-absorbing monied interest in his fellow

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man, how is the emancipation to be effected? Slavery is THE blot on the escutcheon of America.

“Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn.”

It is the hydra-headed monster; a second Hercules must rise to crush it.

At this moment the public newspapers in New York are working themselves into a fever on the C 2 36 Fishery boundaries question; some of their sloops having been seized by British cruisers, their flag, they say, has been insulted, and war they must have with John Bull. They talk as if all Europe were subject to their power and influence; the inflated language employed, and the position they assume in this matter is absurd and laughable in the extreme. They never were so ill prepared for war as at present; they have no steam navy to speak of, all their great river boats are quite useless to serve as an armament at sea, The Union confines their standing army to twelve thousand men, and these are scattered over the entire continent, whilst their navy is not worthy of notice.* On their own soil they would always muster a large force, either of militia or of foreign mercenaries; but, for purposes of aggressive war, the boast is most futile; even in the last Mexican war, only one-fourth of those serving under the American flag were native troops, the

* Since my return to England, the President's message to Congress has been published. Its whole tone and tenor is moderate, and pacific. All desire on the part of America for possession of Cuba is repudiated. The incorporation of that island into the Union, would, it is declared, be fraught with serious evil. And, with regard to the fisheries question, arrangements are stated to be in progress between Great Britain and America, for placing matters on a satisfactory footing.

37 rest were Germans, French, Irish, Scotch and English. To show the motley character of the service, you find the commandant of Fort Hamilton a Frenchman, the junior officers Americans and Germans, the great majority of the men Irish; there was one solitary man, a

sergeant, who stated himself to be a native of Manchester (a warehouseman), who, to all appearances, was the most respectable of the party.

After ten days' sojourn in this oven of a city, I was all impatience to depart, and accomplish the great wish of my heart—to run wild amongst the glens and forests, to look down upon the great lakes and hear the loud roar of the mighty water-falls, the wonder and admiration of all ages.

Note.—Since the preceding was in type, information has reached me that a project is on foot for establishing a double line of rail along the entire length of the great Broadway in New York. This will, indeed, if accomplished, be a most acceptable undertaking to all classes, and will entirely obviate the great inconvenience caused by the incessant noise and confusion, of which all who reside in, or who visit, this city, most justly complain.

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CHAPTER III.

The River Hudson described.—Steamboats.—Henry Hudson.—Sankikani and Manhartan Indians.—Jersey City.—Cunard's Steamers (British).—Collins's and Havre Steamers (American).—Scenery of "Yonkers," "Palisades," "Fort Lee," "Piermont," "Tappan," "Grassy Point," "Warren," "Caldwells," and "Peekskill" Villages.—Washington Irvine's Residence.—Poetry.—Highland Scenery.—"West Point" Mountains.—Military School and Barracks.—"Fort Putnam." "Coldering" Village, Iron Works and Steam Machinery.—"Pollopel's Island."—"Eskkill" Valley.—"New Paltz." "Barregat" and "Poughkeepsie," the Queen Village of the Empire State.—"Hyde Park."—"West Park." "Staatsburgh."—"Hondout."—"Kingston."—"Barrytown."—"Tivoli."—"Saugertis" and "Bristol" Villages.—Approach, to the "Catskill" Mountains.—Pine Orchard and Mountain House.—Description of the Forest and Ascent.—Scenery compared with Naples and Rio de Janeiro and Quebec.—Bio de @Taneiro and Quebec.—Desirable for Invalids.—"Catskill" Waterfalls.—Morning Descent and Description.—Embarked on the Hudson.

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—“*City of Hudson.*”—*Villages of “Athens,” “Coxsackie,” “Kinderhook,” “New Baltimore,” “Coccyman’s,” “Castleton,” “Vanwie,” and “Greenbush.”—Farewell to the River!*

I feel I ought not to do less than devote a chapter to the magnificent Hudson, a truly grand and lovely river, running upwards of one hundred and fifty miles in length, having its source in the mountainous regions (44° N. L.) between Lake Champlain and the river St. Lawrence.

In many respects it is one of the most important 39 streams in the world from its extent, and is not inferior in usefulness to the Mississippi: for purposes of steam navigation, it is superior to all other rivers. It is navigable for vessels for one hundred and forty miles from its outlet, and its course is only impeded by the ice during the months of January and February.

The width of the Hudson for twenty-five miles north of New York, varies from one to four miles; it is occasionally of a greater width, giving it, as you proceed, the appearance of a chain of lakes; the land on either side frequently, attains an elevation of fifteen hundred feet above the water's edge. Many large steamboats ply up and down daily, besides thousands of ships, sloops, and boats—giving animation to the scene, which must be witnessed to be appreciated.

What would be the astonishment and delight of Henry Hudson, who, in the year 1610, first discovered and made known to the world this highly interesting locality, could he revisit this terrestrial globe, and view the changes that have taken place; to see the life, the very soul of man thrown upon this beautiful region,—what would be his pride and satisfaction in seeing millions of his fellow-creatures located in the spot which he found inhabited by wild Indians, whose clothing consisted of the skins of elks and foxes, their food Indian corn, sleeping in the open air, on 40 mats made from leaves of trees, and preying on white men, when opportunity offered. Where New York now stands, a tribe named Sankikani squatted, hostile to their surrounding neighbours, the Manhartans and others, but all opposed to

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the pale-faced man, warring against him from the land east beyond the seas. They would, however, occasionally barter for furs and skins and large oysters, in return for beads, iron, and their favourite drink, ruin rum.*

* It is curious to observe that Hudson found the Indians on the west shore more affable and friendly than those on the east side, who were ever at war one with the other.

Such is the extent, variety, wealth, and population of this river, with its towns, villages, hain hamlets, villas, farms, and plantations at this day. To convey an idea of its greatness, I will briefly enumerate some of the chief features which attracted my attention, and which may be useful to future travellers, especially to the artist. I would desire him to lay in a good store of materials for portraying this wonderful river; it offers inexhaustible matter for his pencil and brush.

Early on the morning of the 9th of August, I embarked on board one of the large river steam palaces, freighted with many hundred passengers and some merchandize. The river takes 41 almost a direct northerly course from the bay of New York.

When I embarked, the morning was, indeed, lovely, and the sun brilliant, so that the beautiful scenery was displayed to the best advantage, and nature having commenced her autumnal clothing, it appeared the most opportune period for observing the landscape in its very best attire. On leaving leming the shore, we had soon, on our left, a good view of the Jersey City, which is situate on the north-west side of the bay, a place of considerable importance, communicating by means of a ferry, with New York, every five minutes. The Philadelphia, Paterson, and Hudson Railroads have their termini at this place, and the Morris Canal also terminates here.

The Cunard line of steamers to Liverpool have their depôt here, where, also, the boats (those belonging to Great Britain) load, discharge, and take their passengers; whereas, the American company, Collins's line and the Havre line, have a more convenient place at New York, the jealousy or illiberality of Brother Jonathan not allowing similar

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accommodation to British steamers. If in London or Liverpool such a spirit were manifested towards foreigners, "John Bull," himself, would be the first to cry "fair play:" the relation of the fact will, I trust, pardon the digression.

42

We now approach the village of "Yonkers," sixteen miles up the river from New York, a favourite summer retreat from the city, and you have the choice of conveyance during the day, either by railroad or steamers. From the very commencement, all this ground is interestingly historical to an American. The grand revolutionary struggles bordered much on this stream, under the immediate command of that great man Washington, whose memory, I believe, every liberal-minded Englishman venerates, equally with the American.

The scenery up to this point, on either side, is of a gentle slope, and attains no great elevation; but villas and plantations cover the entire face of the country. As we approach "Fort Lee," however, the perpendicular rocks, named palisades, commence—attain an elevation of about five hundred feet from the water's edge, and extend a distance of twenty miles along the river side—altogether, a very striking object. "Fort Lee" is frequently mentioned in American history, and, on the opposite side, is seen "Fort Washington," two hundred and fifty feet above the river.

At "Diermont," a thriving village, likely to become a large flourishing town, a railroad company has been incorporated; the rail is to terminate at a distance of four hundred and fifty miles ⁴³ on the shores of "Lake Erie" and to communicate with New York by boat; such is the magnitude of works in operation at the present day. All these are places of great attraction, and afford abundant scenes for the contemplation of the artist, especially the palisades.

The small town of "Tappan"* then comes in view; and, next, the village of "Warren." The landscape here presented is beautiful in the extreme, the whole teeming with life. The houses are principally timber-built, painted white, which, with a bright clear sun, amid

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groves of trees and fine gardens, backed by the woods, present, altogether, a striking object. The dwellings of man appear to be endless.

* The American writer, Washington Irvine, has selected this beautiful locality for his residence, calling the spot Irving, after his own name; his residence is about a mile from the village of Tappan. This favourite novelist seems to have bid farewell to Europe, altogether, living unostentatiously among his admiring countrymen, and is now advanced in years.

A little in advance is "Grassy Point," where marble of variegated colour and of great value is found. "Caldwell's" village is another place of importance. At "Sing Sing," on the water's edge, is built a state-prison five hundred feet long by fifty-five wide; it contains a thousand cells.

We now arrive at "Peackskill" village, distant 44 forty miles from New York: the surrounding country begins to assume the character of mountain scenery, and the approach to "West Point" is very fine: it is, indeed, the very gem of the river, which now narrows considerably, and the mountains, showing an almost perpendicular height from the water's edge, form a spot at once most beautiful and romantic. So extensive and so varied is the approach in the steamer, owing to the irregular winding of the river, turning and twisting every moment, that the artist's point of view is constantly altered, and he lays down his pencil in despair.

Your feelings harmonize with the glorious prospect around you, and your memory calls forth the beautiful lines of a poet, inferior to none, in expressing his admiration of Nature's works:—

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell, To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion, dwell, And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain, all unseen, With the wild flock, that never

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needs a fold; Now o'er steepes and foaming falls to lean: This is not solitude! 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

This locality is very appropriately called the Highland scenery of the river; and, facing the
east bank, a mountain named "Bull Inn," one

RIVER HUDSON THE HIGHLANDS NEAR WEST POINT

45 thousand four hundred and ninety feet elevation, stands in bold relief before you.
"Upper Anthony's Nose," another mountain, twelve hundred feet, and "Beacon Hill," the
highest of the group, sixteen hundred and ninety feet above the tidewaters of the Hudson,
are also conspicuous, affording a most magnificent view of river and mountain scenery.
Then, on the left bank, towards the west, facing the above, are seen "Crow's Nest,"
fourteen hundred and twenty feet, and "Butter Hill," fifteen hundred and thirty feet in height.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part Of me and of my soul, as I of them? Is
not the love of these deep in my heart, With a pure passion? should I not contemn All
objects, if compared with these? and stem A tide of suffering, rather than forego Such
feelings, for the hard and worldly phlegm Of those, whose eyes are only turn'd below,
Gazing upon the ground with thoughts which dare not glow!

I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me; and to me, High mountains
are a feeling; but the hum Of human feelings torture: I can see Nothing to loathe in Nature,
save to be A link reluctant in a fleshy chain, Classed among creatures, where the soul can
flee, And with the sky, the peak, and heaving plain Of Ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not
in vain.

46

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There
is society, where none intrude, By the deep sea, and music in its roar: I love not man the
less, but Nature more; From these our interviews, in which I steal From all I may be or

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have been before, To mingle with the universe, and feel What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

The weather was beautiful; scarcely a breath of air was stirring: the sky serene, and, as the water was perfectly smooth, it reflected, most distinctly, the images of the various objects on the shore, and of the numerous vessels dispersed along the river.

"The air around was breathing balm, The aspen scarcely seemed to sway, And as an infant sleeping calm, The river streamed away. Devious as error—deep as Love, And blue and bright as Heaven above."

To describe all the grand and lovely prospects presented to the view on passing along this noble river, would be an endless task; all the various effects that can be supposed to arise from a happy combination of wood and water, of hill and dale, are here seen in the greatest perfection.

The most important military school of the Union is established here; the academy was first organised in 1802, under the direction of General Williams. The chief buildings are the academy barracks, quarters of the commandant, officers, and an excellent hotel, where travellers will find every accommodation; for this is a locality much frequented, and a few weeks may be well spent in rambling about; for the views, whether from the river itself or on the mountain top, are equally fine; indeed, the latter are grand beyond description.

"Fort Putman" is another stronghold in the immediate vicinity of West Point; I fear the painter, when he arrives at this place, will find his mind bewildered with the variety and inexhaustible matter before him; such was my feeling on beholding this wonderful combination of beauties, combining the picturesque with the grand and sublime!

"The sounding cataract Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock, The mountains, and the deep and gloomy woods— Their colours and their forms have been to me an appetite."

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The scenery of the "Highlands" being the most glorious on the Hudson, I have naturally lingered there, but, having only advanced one third of my journey on the river, (the distance from New York being now fifty miles,) I must indeed make progress.

"Coldering Village" appears next in succession 48 as you advance northerly; it is famous for ironworks; and cannon of a large size, steam machinery, &c. are manufactured on a large scale. In this vicinity is found good iron ore, also a marble quarry, and other kinds of building stone.

"Pollopel's Island" is a mass of rock rising out of the water, opposite "Breakneck Hill," making a fine point in a fore-ground of a picture. Ten miles north of West Point, we arrive at the town of Newburgh, containing eight thousand inhabitants, this is, indeed, a lovely spot. This was, during the "War of Independence," General Washington's head-quarters, and they still show you the old Stone House where he quartered. Facing Newburgh, stands the town of "Fishkill," and the villages of "Matteawan" "Matteawan" and "Glenham."

Many villages are here brought into immediate contact, viz., the village of "New Hamburg," "Hampton," "Marleborough," and "Milton," all situate on the banks, and reflecting their lights and shades in the water below. Near "Fishkill," the deep valley, with its cascades and rapids, the village, with its neat white dwellings, render it one of the most beautiful scenes in the States; it attracts much attention, and is greatly resorted to in summer. The villages of "New Paltz" and "Barnegat" come next; then, on the east side, the town of "Ploughkeepsic," seventy-five miles from New York, which is half way up the 49 river, one of the most handsome and thriving of the river towns. The river bank is two hundred feet high at this place, and, from the hills adjoining, there is a delightful prospect of the town and adjacent country; it is called the "Queen Village" of the Empire State.

We then approach the villages of "Hyde Park," "West Park," "Staatsburgh," "Hondout," "Kingston," "Barrytown," "Tivoli," "Saugerties" and Bristol, and other villages or hamlets, in almost endless succession.

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Since leaving west point, the landscape has approached more to the character of the gentle hill and dale, backed by ground not particularly elevated, though the whole is covered with forest trees. On arriving at the last-named place, I had a glance of those magnificent mountains named "Catskin," fifteen miles distant, the foreground a beautiful, cultivated, level country, with the village of that name situate on the river side; altogether a most imposing scene, and particularly inviting to the artist.

The great objects of attraction in this vicinity, are the Pine Orchard and Mountain House. At the landing pier at the Catskill village, I left the steamer to pursue her way to Albany. I spent three days enjoying the beauties of this neighbourhood but, having been much on the surface D 50 of the earth and water of late, I felt a desire to ascend the mountain.

We found strong well-appointed coaches ready to take us up into the higher regions. The hotel, a white speck in the forest, we could just observe; it is situate upwards of two thousand three hundred feet above the river, backed by a range of mountains of still greater elevation. The distance from the landing place is twelve miles; the road, to the foot of the mountain, nine miles: the ascent is by a good, though circuitous, road of three miles: the hotel, which is a large and commodious building, can accommodate upwards of one hundred persons. The prospect from this rock is more extensive and diversified than, perhaps, from any other point in the United States. The Hudson river, with its green isles and thousand sheets of white canvass, becomes visible for sixty miles in a clear atmosphere.

Not many years since, this delightful spot was almost unknown, and rarely visited; but the reports of the extent, beauty, and grandeur of its prospects, and the salubrity of its atmosphere, at length, attracted public attention; the number of visitors at each successive season increased, until the temporary buildings at first erected, gave place to the present large hotel.

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I must offer my meed of praise to the proprietor, for his enterprising spirit, and great perseverance, 51 in surmounting so many obstacles, particularly in the completion of an excellent road, which winds its way through a beautiful forest of trees, such as the oak, chestnut, maple, firs, hemlock, pine and birch, many of which were cut down to make an opening; then, again, the huge rocks to be blasted and levelled before a proper traffic could be established. Four stout horses are employed in these excursions, taking full three hours to accomplish three miles of almost perpendicular ascent.

This spot has been visited by many persons known to fame, namely Cooper, Irving, Willis, Martineau and Power, some of whom have used such exaggerated expressions of wonder at the scene, that you would imagine no other spot on earth equal to it. As regards my own feelings on the occasion, I have to remark that I have visited the summit of Mount Vesuvius, which, with the lovely bay of Naples at your feet, offers a finer prospect. I have also luxuriated in the Brazilian forests, and, I think, from the peak of "Corcovado," looking down upon the city of Rio de Janeiro, its bay, coast and surrounding scenery, infinitely superior; as also from the high ground on the citadel of Quebec, the panoramic view around you is much finer, and more full of interest. Unquestionably, the scenery here is very fine; many visit it solely to see the rising of the D 2 52 glorious sun. During the hot months in the lower valley, this is a delicious retreat, and many families take up their residence here; the air is delightfully cool and invigorating, and the rambles about and through the forests very interesting. The Catskill Water-falls are distant about four miles; the first fall descends into a rocky basin one hundred and eighty feet deep, thence the water flows over a platform forty or fifty feet high, then, struggling and foaming through the shattered fragments of the mountain, and shadowed by fantastic trees, it plunges into the gloomy ravine below.

The falls are supplied, principally, from two small lakes, which were passed in our route, quite embosomed in the circling hills, covered with a growth of straight giant-like pines, rising, range above range, to the summit, where the tallest stand in relief against the sky.

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Many other points of view may be visited in this romantic spot. I was content to see the most prominent, however, for time whispered "Farewell to the mountains."

So, leaving mine host of the mountain-house at day-break, once more to rejoin the Hudson, *en route* northerly, a descent much more rapid, and, indeed, agreeable in the cool of the morning than in mid-day, which I found particularly fatiguing, in ascending, from the heat This matter 53 travellers should consider well, on the arrival or departure of the steamers. The drive down was most beautiful, as it were moving through a continuous archway of Nature—trees and shrubs, on either side, overhanging rocks, covered with moss or hanging branches: occasionally there was a glimpse of the valley below or the mountains above, altogether a heavenly sight.

The lovely Hudson once more received its freight, at the Catskill landing-place. In the course of the afternoon, we arrived at the old town of "Albany." After enjoying the Highland scenery at West Point, then the mountain scenery, I could not expect more wonders on the Hudson, that is, no overpowering views or objects.

I had lived almost to satiety on a bountiful and constantly increasing profusion of beauties —

"As if increase of appetite had grown By what it fed on."

I was therefore satisfied. The banks of the river still presented beautiful vistas: before us lay the city of Hudson, on the east side, a place of considerable trade and importance, containing seven thousand inhabitants.

Be not startled!—the village of "Athens" comes next, somewhat more animated, but far less interesting to the scholar and the classic than the venerated Athens of old.

Then comes a village named "Coxsackic," where bricks and other manufactured articles are produced in large quantities. "Kinderhook," "New, Baltimore," "Coeymans," "Castleton," "Vanwie," and "Greenbush" villages, all on the river's margin, backed by beautiful woods and plantations, come in rapid succession, the river, at these points, narrowing, and difficult of navigation.

The various towns, villages and hamlets, I have named, convey some idea of the immense vitality of the place, and what are seen passing up and down the stream; but, on the map, there are laid down hundreds of places varying in distance from one to ten miles, of which the river is the grand emporium for transit and communication; all this has been effected almost within the memory of man. Such is the tremendous activity of mind and body of the Anglo Saxons, that, I make no doubt, within a few short years, the places I have named as hamlets or villages, will have expanded into cities. We have before us an instance of these rapid strides in the case of California. Gold-diggings certainly produce a magical effect; but the riches and incresing prosperity of the lovely Hudson, though, perhaps, slower, are quite as certain, and, what is better, will be found based on a surer foundation by the steadily increasing progress of agriculture and manufactures.

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CHAPTER IV.

City of Albany.—Mohawk River.—Saratoga Springs and High Life.—American Ladies and Gentlemen.—Virtue of the Saratoga Mineral Waters.—Lake.—Bemus Heights and General Burgoyne's defeat.—Appearance of the Country since the Battle.—Hotels described.—"Glens Falls" Waterfalls.—American and Brazilian Forests compared.—Lake George and surrounding Scenery described.—Fort of Tincoderoga and its Ruins.—Military Training of the Colonists.—Lake Champlain and its present appearance.—Town of Burlington and University.—Plattsburgh and Naval Actions.—Rouse's Point.—Three Steamboat Accidents and dreadful Loss of Life.—The American Law and the English Bar.

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The city of Albany, the capital of the state of New York, one of the oldest cities in the Union, is situate near the head of the tide, on the direct line of communication with the St. Lawrence river, Saratoga springs, and the lake country, in the west, thus rendering it a great thoroughfare.

The completion of canals and railroads, in conjunction with the daily steamboats running to New York, has given Albany great commercial importance, making it the *entrepôt* for the greater portion of the products of the state, destined for the New York market. In some way, however, to provide for the increasing traffic, a line of rail has lately been opened nearly direct from the lake country, i.e. from Lake Erie, through Dunkirk to 56 New York, a distance of nearly four hundred miles.

The lower town of Albany is quite as noisy as New York. In addition to other sounds, the railway music was immediately under the windows of my hotel. The rail running into the very heart of the place, is certainly, very convenient if the traveller is encumbered with heavy baggage; but is in no other respect desirable.

The resident population, at the present time, is 47,000: the large hotels reap great advantage from about 700,000 travellers, who annually pass through the city—principally emigrants. The city was incorporated in 1686, and, during the last war of independence, was an important military post.

After a very brief sojourn in Albany, I took the rail for the celebrated springs of Saratoga, thirty-six miles distant, passing, *en route*, the “Mohawk” river, which, however, did not present any particular feature, neither is the surrounding country remarkable for its beauty: the rail took us over ground where the forester's axe had but recently done its work.

It is the practice on cutting down the trees, to fire the lower part, which gives to the general appearance of the scene rather a gloomy effect; in a few years, however, we shall find, no doubt, extensive plantations and towns erected on this locality.

The present village of Saratoga will, ere long, expand into a large town. Even now, the enormous hotels are insufficient for the accommodation of so many visitors, who, during the hot season in the southern states, flock here, either for recreation or health, so that the stranger arriving at this period, sees people from every state, congregated together, the slave-owner, perhaps, next to a Bostonian, Pennsylvania or a Kentucky man. Where a thousand persons are accommodated in a hotel—and there happen to be half a dozen such houses—it assumes more the character of a public lounge or bazaar than anything else; and you may take your promenade round about them all, either through the rooms, verandas, or observe the doings at the windows. A stranger takes his seat without order or introduction, but must not address himself in conversation to his neighbour, particularly if it be a lady: this is a thing which is never permitted, even at the dinner-table.

I have sat down, day after day, with thousands of my fellow-creatures, and as many wax figures, or models, would have been quite as lively, perhaps more desirable, as I should have fared better, and come in for a taste of the best dishes, which, on the present occasion, I found swallowed up an instant after my eye had telegraphed a nigger to bring me some particular one my fancy had selected!

Of the ladies, God bless them! many are very nice-looking—no wonder: beauty and fashion assemble here, as they do in most countries—some to drink the waters, some to get married, some to be admired or amused; but, with all their beauty, aided by French fashions, the romance of the thing vanishes when the reality of their habits and manners is daily brought before you, especially at their meals. The mouth of an American lady is ever in danger of being widened by the knife she uses, or the instrument, itself, of disappearing with the food it carries to that ever smirking hole! The women are delicately formed, with but little colour, and do not long retain their good looks like women of a colder climate; they are, in themselves, cold and reserved, and, with the exception of music, possess few accomplishments. Never, in one solitary instance, did I observe an American lady

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sketching, or painting, or offering a passing remark on the beauties of Nature: they exhibit no enthusiasm of any sort: and the men—all, of course, in their best attire—generally dressed in black, look exceedingly neat, but are found either walking or lounging about, or assuming the solemnity of methodist parsons, every individual giving you the idea that he is, in his own mind, plotting his way up to the President's Chair.

I found much benefit from drinking the waters of Saratoga; they are used generally throughout 59 the Union, although little known in Europe. They will keep good, however, several months after crossing the Atlantic, and are peculiarly beneficial as a general preservative of the tone of the stomach, purifying the blood, and curing those diseases entailed on the white man by the effects of a southern climate; in these cases they have frequently effected many surprising cures on Europeans as well as Indians. There are six or eight different springs found in the valley of Saratoga; that named "Congress" appears the most patronised.

As compared with the German or English mineral waters, I am not prepared to give an opinion of their value; but I estimate the qualities of the Saratoga springs very highly, and they have not the least unpleasant taste.

The country round about Saratoga is pretty much covered with forest, principally pine, relieved by the Indian corn plantations, which thrive amazingly. The houses are built of timber painted white, which, with the trees and shrubs encircling them, give a lively appearance.

Near Saratoga lake, one of the drives is to the battle ground, where the English general, Burgoyne, surrendered with his eight thousand men, arms, ammunition and artillery, to General Gates in 1777, in his advance from Canada to communicate with the British forces on the Hudson. Allowing the Yankees, with their English blood, full credit for 60 courage and ability, yet I think the nature and difficulties of the ground were the greatest impediments to our British army. It is now seventy-five years since the battle of "Bemus

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Heights" took place; the country round about is still covered with forest land, and the roads are so indifferent, as to render the attempt to provision an army and keep up an extended line of communication quite hopeless.

The Lake of Saratoga, an exceedingly beautiful piece of water, is about five miles distant from the town; it is about ten miles long, and from one to three miles broad; it is much frequented for fishing.

An encampment stands on the skirts of the wood, near the village, occupied by an Indian tribe of about one hundred, from the far west of St. Lawrence River; they have erected tents, wigwams, &c., having, altogether, a very picturesque appearance. They make, and sell to visitors, baskets, bows and arrows, purses, slippers, &c. They appear to be an inoffensive people, exceedingly good-looking, and, in form, not unlike the Tartar race. They speak English very well, a knowledge of that language having, no doubt, been acquired by the constant visits of the same tribe to these localities.

During the fashionable season, June, July and August, the charges are much higher at the large hotels—from three dollars, upwards, daily. Much is sacrificed for effect, the saloons being capacious, whereas the bed-rooms are small, and the general attendance but indifferent. The table groans under a variety of good things; but, where such masses assemble together, before the meal is commenced, the provisions are cold, and there is often a great scramble for them. Certainly, the whole affair is striking as a parade, but there is no real comfort. The meats were generally tough, fresh killed, perhaps; the fruits and vegetables, however, were very tempting, and delicious. The wine, generally, very bad and dear, which is the case throughout the country.

Much has been said by various writers of this well-known watering-place; I could not, however, visit it, and that so recently, without giving it more than a passing word. It is a delectable little spot to spend a few days in, but no more.

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Leaving Saratoga on the 18th August, *en route* for Lake George, a distance of about thirty miles, by rail, *viâ* Moreau, the remainder of the journey is performed by coach, which, passes through the town of "Glens Falls," where you have a very interesting view of the falls round about on the Hudson river, and where you get on what they call a "plankroad." The scenery once more reminded me of the Catskill mountains, a dense forest of trees. The woods here bear a much more majestic appearance than any I had before metwith, owing 62 more to the great height, than to the thickness of the trees, which are chiefly oak, hiccory, hemlock, and beech. The road was literally cut out from out of the forest, on the side of steep hills; altogether it was a most delicious drive: the day was warm and brilliant, but my fellow travellers, Yankees, did not appear to enjoy the scene, exhibiting on this, as on every occasion, a most provoking apathy and indifference to all around them.

But, as Beattie has so well and so justly remarked, "all persons are not equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn, and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view have no charms? The scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never, to them, afford so much real satisfaction, 63 as the steam and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table."

Travelling through the American forests, all is silence, save the grasshopper's chirp, which, for so small a creature, is singularly loud; this circumstance made me, in my own mind, recal my former rambles in the Brazilian woods in South America. There, in the place of

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a solitary grasshopper, you have a confusion of noises caused by the parrot, parroquet, and other birds, many of beautiful plumage, to say nothing of the marmozets, and other creatures. I do not mention snakes, for they seldom intrude themselves much, and are only dangerous at night, when they prowl about for prey, and it is seldom that persons travel late through dense thickets, woods, or by indifferent roads; I cannot, therefore, astonish the reader with any wonderful story of what the snakes do, how they turn and turn round your body, and, in one breath, swallow you entire, leaving, perhaps, for a few moments, the heel of your boot the only thing visible, when you disappear for ever from your friends.

We arrived about mid-day at the commodious hotel, Lake House, at Caldwell, situate on the banks of the lake, where accommodation is found for several hundred persons; it is a place much resorted to during the hot weather, by entire 64 families. The surrounding country is one landscape of great beauty. The lake offers pleasant aquatic excursions, and good fishing.

“Lake George” is thirty-six miles long, and two to three miles broad; the scenery is very much admired: numerous islands lie scattered, covered with vegetation, whilst fantastic rocks are seen peeping from amongst the foliage. Historically, it is a lake of much renown, for the battles fought on its banks by the French and English, and, afterwards, by the latter with the Americans; on these sanguinary occasions the tomahawk and scalping knife did their work of killing and slaying. It seemed almost incredible, that, viewing nature in so lovely a garb, such scenes of bloodshed should have visited a spot more calculated to soften down man's sterner nature than, on the contrary, to awaken the baser and more demon-like passions within his breast.

A small steamboat runs daily the entire length of the lake, by which opportunity I embarked early in the morning, and a beautiful trip it was. Lake George is considered one of the finest of the American lakes, though, at present, very little population or buildings grace its shores, equally the case with Saratoga lake; they are both more frequented by those

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in search of the picturesque, and are rather out of the usual track for emigrants or commercial travellers, but the 65 next lake, and which is in a direct line with Canada, (lake Champlain), claims more particular notice, being of considerable size; it is one hundred and twenty miles long, varying from one to ten miles in width, and showing signs of much vitality.

Leaving lake George at the north point, we found coaches and vans in readiness to convey us to the village of Ticonderoga, five miles distant, situate on the southern end of the lake: our ride was exceedingly beautiful, over hill and dale, with occasional peeps of the lake before us, crossing over the high ground, once the strong fortified fortress of Ticonderoga, the key of the country, commanding a fine and panoramic view of the scenery around.

This locality is celebrated as the battle ground, so frequently the scene of the early struggles which ended in Great Britain wresting this fine country from the French.

The fort of "Ticonderoga" was built upon the brow of the steep bank of the lake, but a short distance from the water, and the remains of its bomb-proof covered way, ovens, &c. are still to be seen, though in a very dilapidated state. A small circle to the south-east of this, denotes the site of Grenadie's battery, and the two small parallelograms to the south-west of the latter place, the situation of two strong redoubts; this is all that remains, notwithstanding upwards of £66 of two millions of pounds sterling was expended, at the time, on improving and strengthening the fort, &c.; such was the importance attached to the position as the key to the country and water communication. I did expect to find the American flag floating over these ruins, with an artilleryman or two to guard the sacred spot. Congress, however, does not waste dollars on matters of effect, merely; little romance is to be found in these go-a-head people.

It was during these wars with the French, on this continent, that the native Americans founded a school for military training, and did good service as colonists; even the great

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Washington himself commenced his military career at this period, and, in after times, made good use of his experience in establishing the Independence.

Large steamers ply daily on the lake, on the banks of which are built many considerable towns, and trade is carried on to some extent. A railroad also runs on the east side of the river, parallel with the lake. Passing "Westport," "Splitrock," the town of "Essex," and "Willsborough:" on the right "Shoreham," "Bridport," "Chimney Point," "Ferrish," and "Shelburne." We landed in the afternoon at the flourishing town of "Burlington," containing eight thousand inhabitants, which is half way up the lake. Stores here are well supplied, furnishing the country for sixty 67 miles round with every European and American commodity.

This town, like many others, is planned out for occupying a great space, which is still to be filled up. From its situation, it promises to be a large city. The panoramic view from the cupola of the University, built on rising ground, is very fine, and conveys an excellent idea of the scenery in this neighbourhood, showing more of the features of the fine English landscape, with a highly rich agricultural prospect, than anything of the mountainous or grand; generally speaking, this lake, and country, round does not equal in pictorial beauty that as already described on the Hudson.

The hotels here seem to me very inferior, and the attendants execrable; and, after one day's sojourn, I was glad, the following morning, to depart by steamer to the north end of the lake, keeping on the left side, for the purpose of communicating with the various towns on our passage; it gave me an opportunity of observing the local trade, and appearance of the country people, and I was glad to notice a general appearance of well-doing, and the absence of poverty and misery. Here there are no beggars to importune or annoy you.

In these waters, near to the town of "Plattsburgh," many severe naval actions took place in 1814, between the English and American flotillas, E 2 68 in which success fluctuated,

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being sometimes on one side, then the other, but at all times attended with an immense sacrifice of life.

Lake Champlain, or rather that part called the Broad Lake, is interspersed with a great number of islands, the largest of which, South Hero, is fifteen miles in length and four in breadth; the soil generally fertile; the soundings, except at the narrow parts, are very deep, in many places sixty and seventy, and, in some, even one hundred, fathoms-equally so in Lake George. On the west side, as far as Cumberland Bay, the lake is bounded, for the most part, by steep mountains, close to the edge of the water; at Cumberland Bay, the ridge of mountains runs off to the north-west, and the shore, farther on, is low and swampy. The east, or Vermont shore, is not much elevated, the shores on both sides are very rocky; where there are mountains, these rocks jut out very boldly. The islands, also, generally, are surrounded with rocks, in some parts shelving down to the lake, so that it is dangerous to approach within one or two miles of them at particular sides. There are many streams which fall into the lake; the mouths of all those on the western side, are obstructed by falls, so that none of them are navigable. Of those on the eastern or Vermont side, a few only are navigable for small boats, and that for a short distance.

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The scenery along various parts of the lake is extremely picturesque, particularly beyond Crown Point; the shores are there beautifully ornamented with hanging woods and rocks, and the mountains on the western side rise up in ranges one behind the other in the most magnificent manner. It was on one of the finest evenings possible that we passed along this part of the lake, and the sun setting in all his glory behind the hills, spread the richest tints over every part of the prospect.

I can only exclaim with the poet—

“Ah! who can paint Like nature? Can imagination boast, Amidst its gay creation, hues like hers? Or can it mix them with that matchless skill, And lose them in each other, as appears

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In every bud that blows? If fancy, then, Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task, Ah! what shall language do?"

Late in the evening (the 20th of August) the steamer landed us at the end of the water-communication of Lake Champlain, at a very extraordinary place named "Rouse's Point," within one mile of the boundary line of the United States and Canada; it requires some little detail to convey to the reader the enormous extent of bustle, confusion, business and pleasure, all brought into a focus upon an immense wharf or pier of 70 wood, running the length of some hundred feet into the lake itself. Upon the entire length of this pier, is erected a large hotel, with warehouses and stores adjoining; the bed-rooms are in the higher regions, whilst, underneath, the railway termini and offices communicate with the hotel on the right wing; then the steam and other boats plying alongside either pier, receiving and discharging merchandize or passengers, add greatly to the business-like character of the place. Here the Yankee is in his glory, although the confusion and noise beat even that of the Broadway, in New York. This was another occasion on which the weary traveller had little chance of a night's rest, surrounded, as he is, by the hissing of engines, both from steam and rail, the noises of cranes and the bustle of hundreds of passengers with their heavy luggage. This lake cannot vie, in a general point of view, with the lovely Hudson, which, in addition to its superior scenery, has infinitely more active life, more population, and, as regards shipping, there appeared on the "Champlain" a very nakedness of crafts and boats to what was seen on the "Hudson."

To prevent detention in passing the boundary line of the two countries, proper officers are appointed, either in going to Canada or south to the United States. Your luggage or merchandize is inspected, and anything coming under the tariff-laws, 71 chargeable with duty, at once arranged, the packages properly ticketed, and given in charge to the luggage-van authorities, so that all further interruption is avoided, and, in passing from one country to the other, there is, indeed, at first, very little difference observable. In all steamboat or railway travelling, the Yankees have brought the arrangements to great perfection, especially as regards the simplicity of the rail carriages, the fares, the

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extraordinary cheapness, and the speed of river boats, which is almost equal to that of the rail. It cannot, however, be denied that this mode of transit has its drawbacks, and is occasionally attended with awful loss of life, more particularly by the river boats. Since my arrival in these waters, no less than three magnificent boats have exploded, and either blown into the air or scalded to death near six hundred men, women, and children, entailing unutterable misery and distress. The first disaster above alluded to, (the "Henry Clay,") occurred at Yonkers, a village seventeen miles from the city; the second, the blowing up of the "Reindeer," a magnificent new boat, was midway between New York and Albany, and the third happened on the lake "Ontario."

Many and conflicting have been the statements put forth, as to the causes of these melancholy occurrences; some, imputing defect in the machinery, others carelessness. It is much to be feared, however, that the cause may be traced to the bad materials with which the boats were built, more especially the boilers, though the outward appearance would appear to forbid these conjectures. The Reindeer steamer was a new boat, the belle of the river; fortunately, I had just previously to its occurrence passed the scene of this disaster, but witnessed at Albany the arrival of several of the bodies, returned to their native town in coffins: much excitement was naturally created. I have since endeavoured to find out how the law has grappled with this spreading evil, and what punishment is inflicted on parties, officers, or owners of steamboats, who may be the immediate cause of the sacrifice of so many lives, but I have not, as yet, heard of any thing being done to punish the guilty parties. The glorious uncertainty of the law, and the administration of it, must account for this; indeed, an eminent New York lawyer, with whom I spent a few days very pleasantly, enlightened my understanding much, on the subject of law and justice, in America. I was pleased to hear him acknowledge, that he had watched very closely the administration of justice in England: he paid a just tribute to the impartiality of our judges, and the integrity of the English Bar, and he honestly admitted, that a lesson might be advantageously brought to bear on the young giant.

EAST WARD OF MONTREAL AFTER THE FIRE OF JUNE 1852.

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Having conducted the reader to the boundary line of the United States, as fixed in 1842, by treaty, negotiated by Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster, the next chapter will commence with Canada.

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CHAPTER V.

St. John's Village and "Laprarie."—River St. Lawrence.—Montreal City and Scenery.—Three Great Fires in 1849, 1850 and 1852.—Cathedral and Roman Catholics.—Hotels.—Quebec and its approach from the River.—Generals Wolfe and Montcalm.—Plains of Abraham.—Unsuccessful attempt by Montgomery and Arnold.—House of Representatives and Lord Elgin.—Papineau, Mackenzie, and faction.—Grand Scenery from the Citadel and Battery.—Respectability and Loyalty of the Roman Catholic Priesthood.—Trade and Revenue.—Magnificence and extent of the River St. Lawrence.

Leaving Rouse's Point early in the morning of 21st August, I soon found myself once more under the British flag, and only two hours' journey from Montreal in Upper Canada.

From the place of departure, our first stoppage was at St. John's Village, thence to "Laprarie," situated on the banks of the river "St. Lawrence;" the country all along was flat and uninteresting, the first peep, however, of that great stream, the "St. Lawrence," made amends for this. A small steamer was in waiting to convey us over to the west bank of the river, which, at this point, presented a noble picture: the brilliant morning sun showed us, in the distance, the city of Montreal. The houses are large, and are 75 composed of granite, the cathedral occupying the centre with several small islands on either side of the river, expanding to a width of nine miles, gave it more the appearance of a beautiful lake.

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Montreal contains no less than forty thousand inhabitants; it is in all respects so different from the cities of the United States, resembling more a European town, that the people of the United States flock here in large numbers during the summer months, as it can only be reserved for a comparative few to visit England, and there see antiquity displayed in all its various forms and beauties.

On visiting a place for the first time, I never neglect proceeding to the most elevated point I can find in the vicinity, where a panoramic view may be obtained, and some idea formed of the extent and beauties of the locality.

A steep hill at the back of the town afforded me here an opportunity of indulging in this propensity.

Before you, appear the town, the churches, the monasteries, with their glittering spires, and the shipping, reposing in the back-ground, upon the noble river St. Lawrence; in the distance, a range of lofty mountains, which terminates the prospect. To drive over the high ground is a great treat, and I was glad to find that this beautiful panoramic landscape has already been done justice to, 76 by an artist of merit, and that an engraving of it has been published.

Some little drawback to the perfection of the picture, was occasioned by the great fire which took place on the 6th of June last, in the west and centre wards of the town, when thousands of persons were rendered houseless. The majority of the houses were of a more humble description, still many fine buildings were quite destroyed, viz. the palace of the Roman Catholic bishop, the officers' quarters, &c. The catastrophe having occurred before the approach of winter, enabled many to put themselves into some sort of position; immediately after the fire, marquees, tents, and wigwams were soon erected, for temporary shelter, and no time was lost in appealing to the sympathy of the people, both in England and America, which, it will be recollected was, as on all similar occasions, nobly responded to.

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In other quarters are to be found ruins, caused by the fires of the years 1849 and 1850, when the cathedral itself had a narrow escape; and it is not very creditable to the authorities that the Government-house, which was razed to the ground during the civil commotions in 1846, still remains a heap of ruins. During the fires, the soldiers were found to be of great service in saving lives and property, owing to the water-works being

CITY OF MONTREAL. SUNRISE.

77 out of repair at the time, and no water obtainable, and, but for their aid, the damage must have been considerably more extensive.

In all Roman Catholic countries, and this is essentially a place of that description, as a matter of course, their churches and cathedrals have their attractions, though the religious edifices in this place, neither within nor without, offer anything worthy of remark.

In all ages, the embellishment of the sacred edifices has been a paramount feeling in the minds of the priests and pious laymen. On the Continent we see so much that is beautiful and grand, and in the Brazils, even, much more taste is bestowed on the religious establishments than is to be found in Canada, which, however, from its institution by the French, to the present time, has had the misfortune to be ruled by several masters, and visited by much political turmoil, both of which things operate as a check to advancement.

The hotels here are conducted on a similar plan to those in the United States, and are under the management of Americans. It is reported, that one of these monster buildings is to be established in London, by the late proprietor of the Irvine house, New York.

On Monday the 23rd of August, I embarked, at 7 P.M. on board one of the large river steamers for Quebec; the distance is one hundred and eighty miles, passing in succession the following places: "Varennnes," "William Henry," "Port St. Francis," "Three Rivers," "St. Anne," "Cape Rouge."

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It was as well, for the sake of variety and contrast, perhaps, to see how nature looked in her more sombre attire, and the night journey was not void of interest; our huge machine nobly ploughing its way through the briny liquid, passing occasionally some ships, boats, or rafts, leaving them more slowly to progress in their course: when descending the stream towards the sea, no difficulty is felt, but in stemming the strong currents bound southward towards the lakes, it must be a task of toil and difficulty. The expense of the passage by these boats for the entire distance is only three dollars; each passenger has either a separate cabin or a sofa on which to rest his weary bones. It was my lot, on this occasion, to have a berth close to the boiler, and I was in a fry all night, steamed to the very skin, so that repose was quite hopeless, and it was at least a week before I recovered my usual condition. At sunrise I had the opportunity of seeing the river some little distance above the point of our destination, which was of more consequence, this point being the most interesting, and very fine as you approach the city of Quebec, the Gibraltar of the new world, looking up to the high ground and overlooking the lower part of the town, with its strong fortifications, the citadel towering above all, bristling with cannon, and the British ensign commanding; the whole impressing the mind with the importance of a place “famous in story;” one of the appendices of the British crown, and a prize worth fighting for.

One of the first objects to see, on landing at Quebec, is the ground where Wolfe fought and conquered, sealing his success by his blood to the death. A monument is erected on the spot where he died. Looking around, first at the cove where he landed, surmounted by almost perpendicular cliffs, then at the plains of Abraham, opened to the guns of the fortress, and then at the citadel itself, it would appear almost madness for any man to have made the attempt to storm such a place—Wolfe did, and the success of the enterprise, though dearly purchased, at once portrayed the strength of mind and heroism of the man. General Montcalm (history states) laughed at the idea of such an attempt on the part of the British, and neglected to take ordinary measures of defence; he, however, endeavoured to retrieve the day, and was killed in the attempt—what could a brave man do more? These

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two warriors now lie side by side, under a column erected to their memory in the public walks.

It is well known that the Americans under 80 Montgomery and Arnold, in 1775, attempted to surprise the garrison, but were defeated by a mere handful of men.

The high ground in the vicinity of the plains of Abraham, pleased me greatly, and the panoramic view round about is, indeed, grand. It is so graphically described by Isaac Weld, an old traveller who visited this spot at the close of the last century, that his language will better convey an idea of its magnificence than any attempt of mine. He says:

—

“The scenery that is exhibited to the view from various parts of the upper town of Quebec, which for its grandeur, its beauty, and its diversity surpasses all that I have hitherto seen in America, or indeed many other parts of the globe. In the variegated expanse that is laid open before you, stupendous rocks, immense rivers, trackless forests, and cultivated plains, mountains, lakes, towns, and villages in turn strike the attention, and the senses are almost bewildered in contemplating the vastness of the scene: nature is here seen on the grandest scale; and it is scarcely possible for the imagination to paint to itself any thing more sublime than are the several prospects presented to the sight of the delighted spectator.”

From the battery, but a few yards from the edge of the precipice, you may look down at once upon the river, the vessels upon which, as they sail up

CITY OF QUEBEC. SUNSET.

81 to the wharf before the lower town, appear as if it were coming under your feet. The river itself, which is between five and six miles wide, and visible as far as the distant end of the island of Orleans, where it loses itself amidst the mountains that bound it on each side, is one of the most beautiful objects in nature; and, on a fine still summer's evening, it often

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wears the appearance of a vast mirror, where the varied rich tints of the sky, as well as the images of the different objects on the banks, are seen reflected with inconceivable lustre.

The southern bank of the river, indented fancifully with bays and promontories, remains nearly in a state of nature, clothed with lofty trees; but the opposite shore is thickly covered with houses, extending along other parts of the river already mentioned, in one uninterrupted village, seemingly as far as the eye can reach.

Beautiful as the environs of the city appear, when seen at a distance, they do not seem less so on a closer inspection; and, in passing through them, the eye is entertained with a most pleasing variety of fine landscape.

I regret that I did not obtain a view of the falls of Montmorenci, as well as of those at Chandiex, and of other lions in the neighbourhood. I learnt that a party had just visited the former, but that, owing to the little water passing over at the time, the scene was divested of much of its beauty: but, in a casual visit to any country, it is impossible to encompass all that is desired.

I visited the House of Representatives, which Lord Elgin had opened, in person, the day before. Mr. Mac Kenzie happened to be then occupying the attention of the house, in the opposition ranks, one of the old troublesome firebrands, with Papineau, and others present: their influence, fortunately, is now on the wane. After plunging the whole province into civil war: the people have, at length, been wearied with it. At this moment they are peaceably disposed, and may be left now much to self-government. It is singular, but true, that the most loyal of the inhabitants are the Roman Catholic priesthood. I have to remark that, comparing the appearance of this order of men with the Catholic priests in France, Ireland, and London, I can honestly assert that those in Canada have a much more prepossessing appearance, and bear the stamp of a superior class. Their general position and character in the eyes of the country, bear out this opinion: the causes I leave others to decide., Their influence is very great among the inhabitants; and any annexation

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movement in favour of the States, would be most strenuously opposed by them. Their church revenues are large, and, ever since the French lost hold of the country, the crown has strictly kept faith with the old French Roman Catholic community, in allowing them the same freedom and protection they always enjoyed—a circumstance the priest does not lose sight of, and he, I imagine, relies more on the powerful arm of the long existing government, than on any dependance upon innovation, or the tender mercies of levelling-republican Jonathan.

The seat of government, at the present time, is held at Quebec, transferred from Montreal. Toronto and Kingston will, in their turn, have the benefit of that honour.

The trade of Canada with the United States is gradually approaching to that with Great Britain, though the former levy a duty of twenty per cent. on their timber, flour, &c., which, in the mother country, is admitted free of all duty.

The local government levy a duty on all imports, varying from two to twelve per cent., which yields a sufficient revenue to defray the colonial disbursements, less the army and navy estimates, which are defrayed out of the imperial treasury.

There is, on the banks of the river, a large accumulation of timber, intended for shipment to Europe; this is the most important branch of the trade of the country.

It was now time to think of returning towards the south. I had visited the most northern part contemplated. In looking down from the hills, I could see the river St. Lawrence losing itself in the distance. On the one side, a river running out of the great artery, “Saguenai,” with its romantic scenery round about, or, if looking to the north and east, the broad and increasing expanse of water widening, at length mingling with the ocean itself.

It is, no doubt, well known to the reader that this river washes the shores to the extent of two thousand miles, commencing at “Lake Superior,” and that, from its debut into the

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ocean, large ships can safely navigate up to a distance of four hundred miles, as far as Montreal.

The Mississippi, alone, is her rival river, even three thousand two hundred miles in length, and with the Missouri, one thousand three hundred more, though not so navigable as the first-named river or the Hudson; but unlimited time would be required to expatiate on all I felt and all I saw in this truly wonderful region.

I would have varied my return by coach, as I understood the road between Quebec and Montreal ran close upon the banks of the river St. Lawrence, through those beautiful little towns and villages seen to so much advantage from the water, looking down from elevations, the views presenting themselves in such exquisite variety; but I was obliged, "for time was on the wing," to take the steamer once more, and, on my return, had a better opportunity of seeing the river and its extent than when descending it a few days previously.

The currents are, at various points, so strong, that the application of steam has been of immense value on these waters, a benefit, indeed, that it is impossible to overrate.

It occupied about twelve hours to arrive at the pier-head, Montreal. I am now on the direct line to the Falls, the mighty Cataracts, which will form the subject of the next chapter.

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CHAPTER VI.

"Lacine"—Rapids—Canal and Steamer, and Lake of a thousand Islands.—"Brockville"—Eddies and Whirlpools, and difficulty of Navigation—"Kingston."—Lake Ontario.—"Ogdensburgh," and Rail Communication to Boston and Toronto.—Lake Steamers.—"Huron Tract" desirable to Farmers.—Half-pay Officers.—Niagara Fort and River.—"Queenstown" and "Lewiston."—The Cataract.—Iris or Goat Island.—Pictorial beauty.—No Artist done justice to the Scenes around.—Suspension Bridge—"M. Chateaubriand's"

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description.—“Lake Erie.”—Hotels.—Departure.—“Oswege.”—“Rochester and Cholera.”—“Syracuse.”—“Utica.”—“Erie Canal.”—Rail through Forests.—Arrival at Albany.

In the afternoon of the 28th of August, I quitted Montreal, per Coach, for “Lacine,” a village nine miles distant, where we embarked on board a small steamer, *en route*, for the lakes. This mode of conveyance saves time, as, the boat being relieved, thus far, of her passenger freight, is enabled to stem the rapids, which are very strong just above the town, with greater facility.

The rapids prevail for a distance of twelve miles in this line of route, which, before the application of steam, rendered the progress of the journey both laborious and tedious: one day now is sufficient to perform that which formerly took a fortnight to accomplish.

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A spacious canal with ten locks, through which we passed, has been cut on the left bank parallel with the river; the country round about is flat and uninteresting.

It was a novel feature to see on our right the the rapids on the St. Lawrence, with vessels and rafts of timber safely passing downwards, the velocity of their speed indicating the wrath of the element in which they were encompassed.

Our destination was, in the first instance, to “Kingston,” one hundred and eighty miles south of the point of our departure. I found the canal steamer exceedingly well appointed, the accommodation good, and the number of passengers not inconveniently great. Nothing could be more heavenly than the weather, and the warm glow and crimson hue of the western horizon, bespoke the morrow to be propitious to our wishes. In passing through so many locks, our progress was much impeded, having, on one occasion, lost several hours by an accident at one of the lock gates; we, however, late in the evening, got clear of them, and our stout little steamer once more plunged into the noble broad expanse of waters. After taking a few hours rest, early in the morning we found ourselves in what is called the “*Lake of a Thousand Islands*,” these islands are of every imaginable

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size, covered with trees, shrubs, and rocks peeping from the foliage, some close together, 88 through which the torrent rushes with fearful rapidity; at one moment the passage, or channel, appeared shut up against further progress,—when, on a sudden, an expanded sheet of water opens upon you: on either bank of gentle elevation, cottages, and log huts are scattered, the residences of the emigrant or wood-cutter, clearing away the forest around him; and, so extensive is the whole scene, that, although man and his axe have been at work for upwards of two centuries, it would appear as if little impression, as yet, had been made. These beautiful islands extend twenty-five miles in length and six miles in width; and, in the vicinity of “Brockville,” the effect is particularly striking.

For hours together, the little steamer appeared contending against what, to an unpractised eye, would appear insurmountable difficulties, and which, indeed, was quite a new feature in my travelling experience; but use and practice, combined with skill and local knowledge, give navigators in these waters such perfect confidence in the various turnings, and, as it were, *paths* through the eddies and whirlpools, that seldom any serious disaster is heard of. I could not, however, but reflect, that, had the boats' machinery got out of order, or the boat itself refused the helm, we must have been dashed against some of the adjacent rocks, and destruction was inevitable.

I was quite astonished that such headway could 89 be made against the rapids; but our vessel was first-rate, very buoyant, and had little, if any, merchandize on board.

The intricacy and difficulty of this navigation, doubtless, is the cause that the surrounding country is but thinly inhabited, presenting a very different aspect to the animated scene on the Hudson, or on Lake Champlain.

After clearing this formidable cluster of islands, which your fancy might lead you to conclude was the abode of some beautiful nymphs or fairies, we, once more, got into the broad expanse of waters, and greeted, for the first time, the magnificent lake “Ontario,” a sheet of water one hundred and seventy miles long and sixty wide: and, on the north-west

shore, Kingston appeared on the margin of the lake with its fortifications in bold relief. This town, although of more ancient date than many of the neighbouring places, does not, in point of artistical beauty, present anything remarkable. It has, however, always been an important military and naval station. Exactly facing you, on the east side of the lake, is the large and increasing town of "Ogdensburgh," belonging to the United States. There is a railway from this place to Burlington, which extends to Boston and New York, affording to emigrants an easy mode of transit. The entire length of rail to the latter place is five hundred and six miles.

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Having approached so near to the great object of attraction, there was no inducement to remain longer than till the following morning at Kingston, where one of the large lake steamers, beautifully fitted up, equal, in every respect, to the Hudson boats, and, under English colours, took us on board, late in the day, for "Toronto," where I arrived early the following morning. This town is already a large place; it stands in latitude 40° and longitude 80°, and contains a population of about thirty-five thousand persons.

The "Huron" tract of land runs west:—those well acquainted with the subject say it is the garden of Canada, most eligible as regards the quality of soil, and having superior water conveyance for the produce. The climate, also, is very healthy, and the prevailing westerly winds blowing over the lake, which never freezes, temper the rigour of the frosts and summer heats. A farmer with a capital of from £300 to £500, could not fail to do well in this locality. I noticed along the banks of the river, beyond the town to the left, numerous snug villas, cottages, &c. backed by an open country and woods in the distance, principally, I was told, inhabited by officers in the army and navy, many having received a grant of land as an equivalent for their commissions. I make no doubt they lead a happy and contented life in the enjoyment of a more generous mode of

THE RAPIDS ABOVE THE FALLS, NIAGARA

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91 living than in Europe. We now embarked in another steamer, and proceeded to the fort and town of "Niagara," at the mouth of the river of that name. Immediately facing the English fort, is one held by the Americans, both commanding the entrance, each nation standing as if in sentry over the same spot. We landed at "Queenstown," facing the American town of "Lewiston," a few miles up the river: the drive up a steep hill, passing the monument to General Brock, presented many fine points of view. The space of an hour brought us to the Clifton Hotel, from which we looked down upon the wonders of the falls we had travelled so far to see. Whether the wind was lulled or in a contrary direction, our ears were not, at first, greeted with that mighty sound of falling waters, which, perhaps, the over-excited imagination had led us to expect.

The Canadian side, on which the Clifton Hotel is situate, affords, perhaps, the most perfect view of the entire falls, giving the very breadth and length of the millions of tons of water, in rapid succession, rushing impetuously into the abyss beneath, a depth of some hundred feet. "Iris Island," commonly called "Goat's Island," divides the fall into two unequal parts, which are, however, brought into connection by sundry bridges and several small islands. Wandering about on this spot, was perfect enchantment. Magnificent trees of oak, ash, maple, pine, 92 and cedar trunks, fallen from age, or the wintry blast, stretching their limbs across the stream, all added to the agitated turmoil created by the rapids, the roaring of the great fall, and the murmuring of the lesser streams. Such a combination of nature's happiest combinations, if I may use the expression, can never be obliterated from the memory. It would be no affectation to indulge in the most extravagant eulogium on the wonders of this extraordinary spot. Not to be struck with awe and admiration at all around, would, indeed, be to acknowledge yourself either more or less than MAN. The representation, of such a scene, as a whole, has never yet been attempted by any mortal artist. Sketches of detached parts have been published; but it has, doubtless, been found impossible for the pencil to convey to the mind an adequate representation of this extraordinary region. I should think, nevertheless, that the talents and genius of a Turner, a Lee, or a Creswick, would do little short of justice to the picture. I could have wished to

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have visited this enchanted place at the time when the red man alone communed with the Great Spirit, surrounded with Indian tribes, or pioneers; but a town is springing up on the very edge of the precipice; saw mills and hotels, as large as the "Astor," or "Irvine House" are erected: so that in one step, from the most perfect artificial existence, you are 93 in a moment plunged into all the magnificence of nature!

Immediately below the falls, a ferry is established to communicate between the English and American Continent, and nothing can be easier or safer than the boats rowed by one waterman. You must, however, be regardless of the moist effect of the spray or mist, to which you are subjected in this small open craft.

Much has been said by nearly every visitor to the Falls; nevertheless, I am obstinate enough to add to the number. Each person contributes ideas, and expresses feelings and sentiments of his own, and so increases the general stock. I shall, however, dismiss the subject, by quoting a beautiful passage from the celebrated Chateaubriand, whose poetical language throws completely into the shade all other descriptions I have met with. He says, in approaching the Cataract,—

"We advanced towards Niagara. We were only about eight or nine leagues distant from it, when we perceived, in a grove of oaks, the fire of some savages, who had pitched their camp on the margin of the rivulet, where we had ourselves intended to bivouac. All was silence and repose, save the fall of some withered leaves, the passing gusts of the night-wind, and the cries of the screech-owl. In the distance, rose upon the ear the deep murmur of the Cataract of Niagara, 94 which, in the calmness of night, was prolonged from desert to desert, and died away in the depths of the lonely forests."

Then, again, he says,—

"I feel unable to describe the thoughts which filled my breast, at the sight of so sublime a spectacle. In the desert of my early existence, I had been obliged to invent personages to adorn it. I drew from my own substance, beings whom I found not elsewhere, and

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whom I carried within me: thus, I have placed the recollections of Atala and of René on the borders of the Cataract of Niagara, to serve as the expression of its melancholy. What is a cascade which falls eternally within sight of an earth and a sky insensible, to its grandeur, if human nature is not there with its misfortunes and its destinies? To plunge into this solitude of water and of mountains, and to have no one with whom to converse, about the mighty spectacle! the waves, the rocks, the woods for one's-self alone. Give the soul a companion, and the smiling verdure of the hills, and the fresh breath of the wave—all will become a source of rapture. The journey during the day, the repose sweeter, still, on the approach of night; the passage of the waves, the slumber on the moss, will draw from the heart its deepest emotions of tenderness.”

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“I have seen the cascades of the Alps, and those of the Pyrenees,—Niagara eclipses them all.”

“I contemplated this Cataract, which was revealed to the old world, not by infinitesimal travellers, such as I, but by missionaries, who, seeking God in solitude, threw themselves on their knees at the sight of some marvel of nature, and received martyrdom, while singing the closing stanzas of their hymn of admiration.”

Two miles below the Falls, an elegant suspension bridge, a beautiful span, connects the two shores; this structure is much admired for its aërial and light appearance, thin wire being the principal material used.

During my stay, I loitered most about “Goat's Island,” preferring the American side as affording more general amusement and contemplation; this hint may not be thrown away upon any traveller who may chance to see it. From the high ground you have a fine view of “Lake Erie,” which extends two hundred and thirty-one miles long and is seventy miles wide.

When within the hotels, it is remarkable how little you hear of the Falls, although so close to them. When the wind is strong in the right direction, the rushing of the waters is more observable; but on no one occasion, whilst I was there, did they present anything remarkable, even at night, when all around was repose.

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At length the hour of departure arrived, and I bade farewell to this remarkable spot.

“Must I then leave thee, Paradise! Thus leave Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend Quiet, tho' sad, the respite of that day That must be mortal to us both.”

At two P.M., on the 3rd of September, I took coach for the town of “Lewiston,” a beautiful drive of an hour, down to the banks of the river, where a steamer was in readiness to take us once more on the “Lake Ontario;” our passage lay easterly, for the port of “Oswego,” one hundred and fifty miles distant, where we arrived at the unseasonable hour of four A.M., just before day-break.

Nothing could be more lovely than the weather during the voyage: a rich autumnal tone of tint—the sun going down in great splendour. After being tossed about so much on the rapids, eddies, and currents, we appeared to glide softly over the lake, which was as smooth as glass. Nothing can exceed the excellent equipment of these lake steamers, whether American or English; and, where a convivial party of friends are travelling together, it must be the perfection of pastime; being much left to my own reflections on the present occasion, my fellow-passengers being generally 97 rally reserved and unsociable, it detracted much from the pleasure of the excursion.

Much has been said of the tints and splendid sunsets on these lakes, particularly during the fall of the year. I can bear testimony to its truth: nothing could exceed the wonderfully rich tone and effect of *So!* dipping into the western world on the very evening we quitted

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Niagara. It does not, however, exceed in splendour that I have witnessed elsewhere, either in South America, or, indeed, nearer our own shores—the Mediterranean, or upon the coast of Calabria, among the islands of “Tromboli” and “Maritimo,” where the effect is, at least, equally grand. The last-named sea presents to our associations much of what is historical; for, be it remembered, that this sea washed the shores of the four most mighty empires of old. The new world, with all its grandeur, falls short of all classical associations.

We called at “Rochester,” a large town, but having been visited by the cholera, which was still prevailing, we did not land there, but proceeded on to “Oswego,” a town of great promise, but which presented nothing remarkable beyond the immense stores, indicating great commercial activity. The branch rail to Syracuse enabled me to join the main branch to “Utica,” a large flourishing town, having the famous Erie Canal in G 98 the very centre.* All seemed bustle. A ramble through the principal thoroughfare gave me a sufficient idea of the spot, and, after satisfying the craving of nature (for the wear and tear of the animal man is great, and must be gratified), resumed my journey per rail, and arrived, after a good day's travelling, at Albany for the night.

* Erie Canal is 363 miles long, with a lockage of 688 feet-eighty-four locks in number, ninety feet in length by fifteen wide, with a draught of four feet of water (vessels can carry 700 barrels of flour), and connecting Lake Erie with the Hudson.

I should have selected another course on my return, but, when I left Niagara, the cholera was raging at Buffalo and other places which lay in my intended line of route.

The country which was passed, with the Erie Canal in view as far as Albany, appeared open; forest land, in every direction, giving way to the axe. We passed, occasionally, through a dense wood, crossing rustic bridges where the brooks or streams intersected, and stations are roughly built up, over an extent of two hundred miles of new country, but thinly populated; no people but the Americans could have made such progress; they have, however, all the materials at hand excepting iron rail. The average expense for a single

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line of rail is only five to six thousand pounds per 99 mile. I noticed no tunnels, aqueducts, or viaducts, the rail running over a flat surface.

For some time we had the old Mohawk in view, winding its way through the valley of that name. Travelling amidst the forest trees so great a distance, is, from its novelty, somewhat interesting.

After an exciting days' journey, we arrived once more in Albany. Shunning the noisy part of the town, I put up at an excellent house on the hill, and was glad of two days' quiet to arrange and note in my journal the many events which the bustle or excitement of the moment had hitherto prevented me committing to paper. G 2

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CHAPTER VII.

“Francis Skiddy,” river Steamer.—Return to New York City.—Omnibuses described.—National Pictures.—Literature—European Books reprinted.—Punch, and Illustrated London News.—Native Talent, its deficiency.—Prints, &c.—Result of Great Britain's Colonization.—Departure by “Arctic,” Steamer, to Liverpool, and description of her.—Cunard and Collings's line of Mail-boats.—Testimony to Capt. Luce, and the Officers and crew of the “Arctic.”—Arrived safe, the last day experienced a gale of wind.—Parling words.

Once More on the Hudson, *en route* to New York, at seven A.M. on the 7th of September, I found myself on board the splendid and well-appointed steamer, the “Francis Skiddey.” This boat, measuring in length three hundred and twenty-five feet, draws five feet and a half water; depth of hold ten feet; can accommodate five thousand persons (having four decks). She has a pair of beam engines of sixteen hundred horse power collectively; diameter of paddle-wheels forty feet; width of deck thirty-nine feet; including paddles, sixty-three feet. The cost of her engines 50,000 dollars, and the boat itself 104,000: total 154,000 dollars. The engines are worked at a high-pressure; the speed obtained is about

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eighteen miles an hour. The saloons are most elegantly fitted up, and surrounded with mirrors—ornaments which are also common at the hotels, and appear necessary to feed the vanity of the natives, who are eternally using them. The tables of the steamer are most liberally supplied, the attendance good, and charges exceedingly moderate. There is the bar or tap, where you can luxuriate in sherry cobbler, mint julep, &c. There is also a piano-forte on board for the general use of the company if you could divest yourself of the idea of being on ship-board at night—though the accommodation is excellent—you might imagine yourself in a first-rate hotel. You cannot possibly find fault with good eating and drinking; and, on board the “Francis Skiddey,” there was abundance for those whose stomachs bore feelings reciprocal with their appetites.

On our way down the river, the same scenery presented itself as I have already described,—if possible, the points of view were even more glorious than when ascending. On arriving at New York, it was found that the heat had, happily, moderated since I quitted the city; such, however, was the immense influx of visitors, that I had some difficulty in getting housed for the night. At the fall of the year, thousands of persons visit this emporium of the United States, principally for commercial purposes, and to supply the demand of the numerous towns and villages throughout this vast continent; at the same time, it gives the family of the merchant or trader an opportunity of making a holiday, and of spending any dollars they can coax out of Papa-Jonathan's pockets to the best advantage at the pretty shops, which is all good for trade. This is the season, too, when European talent is generally brought forward amongst others, Jenny Lind or Madame Sontag the latter was all rage this autumn, and greatly astonished those Yankees who in gaping wonderment abound. M. Jullien was expected, with his monster band, and he is the man who will pocket a few of their cents, “I calculate.”

In alluding, in my second chapter, to the number of omnibuses that daily pass through Broadway, I omitted to mention that they are most elegantly painted, many of them quite like a moveable tableaux; Italian scenes, ruins, nymphs bathing, &c. Pictures, however, exhibiting military exploits, in which the English are represented as being defeated by the

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Americans, I must confess, recalled painful recollections to my mind; they seemed to say we “Calculate you Britishers were tarnationly well licked.” Bunker's Hill's bloody fight I saw depicted on a new 'Buss Tuss; Lexington on another, and also General Burgoyne, with his veterans, seven thousand strong, surrendering to the country people under General Gates, as if they could not help it! At the hotels (for I always 103 observe the vulgar practice of walking round the room, and looking at the pictures, as if I had, never seen one before)—pictures of the War of Independence are the most general and interesting exhibited: subjects selected, of course, in accordance with the national vanity, that, really, there is some excuse for the great conceit, the austere and solemn mannerism of these Republicans—casting up their eyes, and contemplating these subjects as they inwardly exclaim—“The English have conquered the old world, but, then, we have ‘I done the deed,’—we have, I guess, well licked them.”

Indeed, they lose no opportunity of showing their conceit and bad taste in this respect.

The progress of knowledge may, in time, obliterate this conceited weakness from the national character of the Americans; at present, they have but little native talent to take the lead in the work of mental reformation, although they may boast of their Prescott and a few others. It is true, they are adopting the best means of cultivating and improving the national taste, by the introduction of almost every work that issues from the press in England, France, and Germany, which they reprint in a much cheaper form. All the principal Magazines and monthly reviews, which are published in England at two-and-sixpence, they sell for one shilling each—alike regardless of any international 104 law for the protection of copyright or the the brains of the author! They are, also, miserably behind Europe in their daily newspapers, and the extremely low prices at which they are published is no compensation for the absence of talent, or even ordinary attainments; and as for the type, it is wretched!

They have made many unsuccessful attempts to bring out works like “Punch,” and “The Illustrated London News,” and, in the absence of native artists, the circulation of these

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celebrated publications through the United States is immense! Their principal periodical is called "Harper's New Monthly;" it is full of illustrations, well got up, but most of the designs are pirated from English works, for instance the Etching Club's illustrations of Goldsmith, Milton, and other authors, but no names are traceable on the drawings, so the natives are left to flatter themselves, and exult in their original productions!

The United States are quite right to improve their taste, and circulate good books and pictures, and at a cheap rate; but, in all honesty, it is only fair, when a thing is not original, to give the real author the merit of it!

The time has arrived when I must say farewell to the land of the young giant. I depart with a lively recollection of what I have seen—it is very improbable that I shall ever again see so much

AMERICAN STEAMER "ARCTIC"

105 that is grand and magnificent in nature; and I feel I shall, from having visited this country, take a more lively interest in the future success of so great a republic. Other countries commenced in colonization, long before Great Britain,—for instance, Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland; but where are they, and what has been their destiny? Can they for one moment compare with what England has done?

The spirit of her laws, constitution, and, more particularly, her Protestant faith, show that the *finger of Providence* has been upon her above all other nations on earth; and the Americans have only to reflect, that much of their greatness and increasing prosperity can be traced to a first cause, the Fatherland of the United States, *England*; for, although all parts of the earth have been pouring in their thousands upon thousands of emigrants, the great characteristic of the American people is Anglo-Saxon. Brother Jonathan, once more farewell!

At noon, 18th September, embarked on board the American steamer "Arctic," bound for Liverpool. We departed amidst the cheers of a large concourse of people, who had

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collected at the pier-head, to bid “ *God-speed* ” to about two hundred persons, on their way to various parts of the *old world* : champagne flew about in profusion, drinking “health and safe passage,” 'c., across the Atlantic.

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Most people have heard of the two lines of steamers that maintain a regular communication between Europe and America, making the voyages almost to a certainty, in about ten days, from port to port. First, Cunard's line, so called (British Ships):—“Asia,” “Europa,” “Canada,” “Africa,” “America,” “Niagara,” “Arabia,” and “Persia,” (the last three not quite completed); these are splendid boats. Secondly, Collins's line, (under the American flag,) viz.,—“Baltic,” “Atlantic,” “Pacific,” and “Arctic,” all noble ships of large dimensions.

There are other steamers that ply to Havre and Bremen, owned by Americans, as, also, to Glasgow, from Philadelphia; but the two above-named companies are the most efficient and swift, and most patronized. The liners and other craft form, also, a very important addition to the communication, so much so, that letters by the mails between the two hemispheres, arrive every other day.

The “Arctic” is considered a fair specimen of these noble steamers; she was built by W. Brown, of New York, of American live oak, locus, and pine.

The machinery was, also, manufactured in New York, with iron from the state of Jersey, by Stillman and Allen, and her complement of engineers, stokers, and firemen, amounted to fifty-six.

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Her saloon is most elegantly fitted up, with holly-wood, satin, rose, and oak, accommodating upwards of two hundred persons, having waiters, steward, cooks, &c., amounting to fifty-three persons, and the crew, including officers, to thirty-four in number.

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She is propelled by two engines, of one thousand horse power each, weighing eight hundred tons, stowing twelve hundred tons of coals, and eighteen hundred tons of cargo, altogether, nearly three thousand tons register, consuming each voyage, as much as five of our collier ships' cargo of coals, about ninety tons every twenty-four hours. She measures three hundred feet by forty-six, including paddles, seventy-six.

Revolutions of wheels, sixteen turns in the minute. During the entire voyage her machinery was not once out of order.

For our passage, we paid one hundred and twenty dollars each, and five dollars to the steward—about £25 sterling, British, exclusive of wine and spirits, which are procured on board, of fair quality, and at moderate prices, making the expenses about fifty shillings *per diem*, which though rather a startling, is not an exorbitant sum. *La carte* was each day presented for breakfast and dinner—such a variety of good things, that the reader might imagine himself enjoying a good dinner at Freemasons' Hall or the London Tavern 108 (not omitting Messrs. Bitch's turtle); but it is a question whether the health is benefited by so much luxury: on the contrary, it is apt to interfere with the good effects generally produced on the health and strength by a sea voyage.

After such a voyage as I have described in the first chapter, a change like this was most gratifying, for I found that Captain Luce and his officers were first-rate seamen and gentlemen, and the sailors themselves respectable, well-behaved men; the passengers were chiefly of the middle ranks of society. Good breeding was evident, and good fellowship prevailed throughout the voyage, which, though rough, with a head wind all the way, causing us some discomfort, was, on the whole, a favourable one, and performed within twenty-four hours of the allotted time.

“The waves of the Atlantic Ocean,” says a writer of the fifteenth century, “although they roll as high as mountains, yet maintain themselves without breaking; for, if they broke, it would be impossible for the ship to plough them.” Our noble ship did plough them, and

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passed over the billows as buoyantly as if resolved that nought should resist or interrupt her career!

Nine, days after losing sight of the American continent, we caught a glimpse of the south coast of Ireland, off Cape Clear. A dreadfully stormy night it was. After our arrival at Liverpool we 109 found that the gale had done much damage—many wrecks, with loss of life, had occurred.

To the good seamanship displayed in the handling of our first-rate vessel, we are indebted, under Providence, for our own safety.

At length, on the 30th of September, we anchored in the Mersey, being under eleven days' run from New York, and, on the passengers leaving the ship, I believe one and all joined in giving a grateful and hearty farewell cheer to the magnificent "Arctic" and her ship's company. Thus ended the adventures of a short cruise in the year 1852.

Having now, as I trust, fulfilled the promises, which, in my preface, I ventured to make, I thank my friends, readers, and, subscribers for their kind support, and, sincerely wishing them all the blessings of a new and happy year, *I take my leave.*

THE END.

CHARLES SKIPPER AND EAST, PRINTERS, ST. DUNSTAN'S HILL.